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WATCHING THE SHIPS.

BY I. D. K.

Watching the ships, the phantom ships,
Sailing far out toward the sky;
Painting the sails with sunset glow—
Skeleton ships, fast sailing by;
Now in the crimson, now in the shade;
Now anear me, and now afar;
Now 'Adieu,' and they eastward speed,
And only remains you distant star!

O ships at sea! Ships of the heart—
Of constancy, of life and love!
O ships that drifted wide apart!
O Love that anchored heights above!
Ye are my ships—no vessels wild,
But visions that will come and go,
To cheer me—then to drift awhile
Athwart the sunset's ruddy glow.

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

"ARE there any more troubles?" asked Sir Lance, after a pause.

"All my life will be one long trouble and disappointment now," I said bitterly.

"There is no one to love me. I have found my father and my home; but I feel more discouraged and lonely than I did. I longed so to be loved as other girls are; but I cannot go through the farce even of trying to believe that my father cares about me."

"I think," said Sir Lance, in a quiet voice, "that you will not have that trouble long."

"Every one was very kind to me at school," I continued.

"My governesses were indulgent, the girls all liked me very much; but that was not love—love that warms the heart. I have seen love shining in other girls' eyes and playing round their lips. My heart was always cold and empty; yet better that than——"

I paused abruptly, remembering that my cousin was Lady Ullswater's son.

"Better that than what?" he asked; and there was something in his manner which compelled an answer.

The blue eyes seemed to fix mine until I had spoken.

"Better that—the loneliness and desolation—than the anger and bitter jealousy which seem likely to fill it here."

"I think it is a cruel shame that so heavy a burden should be laid on such young shoulders," he said emphatically. "Do you know the old verse—

> "'For every evil under the sun
> There is a remedy, or there is none.
> If there be one, seek it and find it;
> If there be none, then never mind it.'

Those are commonplace lines, Laurie, but they contain sound philosophy. Let us take your troubles one by one, and see if there is any remedy for them."

As he spoke, he drew a garden-chair near to me, and gently forced me into it.

"Poor child," he said, "you have wept until you can scarcely see."

A strange new sense of happiness was creeping over me. I felt that I could have sat there for hours with that gracious face bent over me.

"First, with regard to your mother," he said, "do not despair. I know nothing about her, excepting that Lord St. Asaph married her, and that she left him. He told me so much himself.

"He did not say one word against her; he seemed to speak of her with contemptuous pity.

"My impression is that he does not even know whether she is alive. Had there been anything to be said against her, he would have said it."

Remembering my own passage at arms with him, I felt that this was true.

"There seems no remedy for this trouble but time and patience, Laurie," Sir Lance continued.

"In time, no doubt, your father will tell you all about it; his heart must soften to you when he sees more of you. And then, I make you a promise, I will do all I can to help you to find your mother. Union is strength.

"If we work together, we must succeed. We will find out first whether she is living or dead.

"Do you trust me?"

"I trust you, and thank you," I answered, with happy tears.

"I should think myself that she left him because she did not approve of his conduct or character."

"But how was it nothing was known of his marriage?" I asked, with a shrinking heart.

"It was merely his whim, I should imagine," replied Lance.

And then I told him what my father had said—how she sought him once to ask for me, and had told her that I was dead.

His face grew pale with anger and his blue eyes flashed.

"It was a dastardly, cruel thing to do!" he cried.

"Then your mother believed you were dead?"

"Yes; and that will make it all the more difficult to find her," I said. "And she may be dead herself."

"Look at the brightest side. She may be living and well, and we may find her very easily.

"There will be time for despondency when we find every effort to trace her vain. Now tell me," he added, with a smile, "do you feel as though that burden were half on my shoulders?"

I smiled as I thought how good it was to have my troubles shared.

"Now about the Earl," he continued. "I can well believe that it must be a dreadful trouble for a young, sensitive, delicate girl like you to find that her father, so long a stranger to her, is so notorious. However you must take comfort. There is always hope of mercy and pardon while there is life.

"I should say your best remedy for this evil would be to lead so pure a life yourself that your goodness may cover, as it were, your father's sins with a veil. In the short time that he has to live you can do your best for him."

I looked at him with admiration—so young, yet so wise, so kind!

"I am afraid," he went on, "that you will have to suffer some annoyance in the house. I do not see how is to be avoided. I blame my uncle most for this. He has led my mother and sisters to believe that he was unmarried, that the girls would each have a large fortune.

"It is useless to deny that you will make a great difference to all of us. But it is solely my uncle's fault in having kept his marriage secret."

"I see it plainly," was my comment.

"You must be brave, Laurie," he said. "My mother is one of the best women in the world, but she is very proud, and there will be a great difference in her and my sisters' lives. You must be a little patient with them.

"It will all come right in time, I am sure."

"Shall you always be here?" I asked quickly.

"Yes.

"I have lived with the Earl for two years now," he replied.

"Whatever he may be to the rest of the world, he is very kind and indulgent to me.

"He treats me just as though I were his own son.

"So I cannot say a word against him; nor do I ever allow any one else to do so in my presence.

"That was not the last of your troubles, though, Laurie."

"I shall bear them all well if I can see you and talk to you at times," I said gratefully.

"I do thank Heaven that you came to me.

"The chill and the terrible desolation are gone."

"Poor child!" he said gently. "Yours is not a bright fate—at least, not just now. But you will be happier soon."

"Do you think so?" I asked doubtfully. "Why, Lance?"

"It must be so, naturally. You will go out into the world and find what your heart craves for—love."

"I trust I may, for no one has ever loved me.

"The Misses Pentarn have been very good kind, and indulgent, but they were nothing to me, I was nothing to them. My school-friends were all attached to me, but that was not love. Now you, Lance, have lived in an atmosphere of love all your life."

"Yes"—thoughtfully—"that is true. No man has had a happier home."

"Then you cannot understand my passionate longing for that which you have never missed; no one can whose heart has not ached in the same fashion."

"I am quite sure of one thing, Laurie," he said gently, "and that is that I can understand you and your feelings in every phrase.

"I prophesy that in the time to come you will have too much rather than too little of what you crave for.

"You will have a brilliant place in the world.

"You are the daughter of a great Earl, although not perhaps a good man. You are sure to be loved."

"But will it be true love?" I asked anxiously.

He looked at me with puzzled eyes.

"Of course it will, Laurie. Why, I myself shall be fond of you as though you were my own sister!"

There was comfort in the words; but I derived my chief solace from looking at his genial face and bright eyes, and that whatever happened to me, he would be my protector and friend.

"The sun is setting," said Lance, as the sky assumed a rosy tint. "Let me look at your face now, Laurie, and see if it is presentable."

I raised it to his with all the loving trust and confidence of a child.

He smiled as he caressed it with his hand.

"What a tearful face! Do you laugh, Laurie, as vehemently as you cry?"

"Yes, I think so. Miss Pentarn said I was too vehement in everything. She said I should have to suffer much before I learned moderation."

"That sounds ill," he said.

"I think myself that it is true, Lance. I am very impulsive. Little makes me happy or wretched.

"Yet I think that I enjoy more if I suffer more than others."

"You have analyzed your own character" he said with a smile.

"I have seen you cry, Laurie; it was a very tempest of sorrow. Now I shall look forward to seeing you laugh."

"I am very much afraid that at Yalton House there will be little enough to laugh at," I said drearily.

"You will find more in time," he replied with a quiet smile.

Then the sunlight, with its tinge of rose-red, fell upon my face and head, Lance was looking earnestly at me.

"You have the true St. Asaph face, Laurie," he observed.

"So every one tells me. I should like to know exactly what it means."

"The St. Asaph women," he replied, "have all been beauties. My mother, the Earl's sister, was very handsome in her youth.

"She is handsome now, but trouble has changed her. You have the true St. Asaph beauty."

"Have I?

"My father said I was beautiful, and he seemed very pleased."

"You must remember that beauty is a great power," remarked my cousin.

"Goodness ought to be the greatest power in this world," I said.

"There is a great difference between what ought to be and what is," said Lance sententiously.

I knew this was true.

"I should think, Laurie, that you feel a greater sense of the responsibilities of life than you did this morning. A few hours since you were a schoolgirl, now you are a great heiress."

"You mean that I have come into my kingdom," I said. "Indeed I do pray that I may have strength to fulfil the duties of my new station."

"That has the true ring, Laurie," said Sir Lance.

"I think I shall never forget this, the day on which I have first seen you. And now, Laurie, I want you to make a compact with me.

"You have touched my heart by your sadness, your craving for love, and I want to make you happy.

"If you had found a brother here, ready to espouse your cause, to help you, it would have been a great comfort to you. Well, you must learn to look on me in the light of a brother of your own."

The strong kindly hand caressed my hair tenderly.

"I will be the best brother in the whole world to you," he added, with such a ring of genuine honest affection in his voice that it was delightful to hear it.

"I love my sisters very dearly," he continued, after a pause.

"Try to let me be a comfort to you, if you want anything, if any one is unkind to you come to me. You need never feel desolate, lonely or friendless when I am near. Will you promise, Laurie, that it shall be as I say?"

His fair frank face was close to mine, and my heart went out to him with a great bound.

I laid my hands in his, outstretched for them.

"I promise," I said.

"I thank you for your goodness; and now I shall never feel that I am alone in the world again."

Ah me, how often afterwards those words came back to me with the bitterness and pain of death.

"No; you must drive all your melancholy thoughts away.

"Try to be happy, even in uncongenial circumstances, and then life will be bright for you as it is for others. And I want you to give me one proof, Laurie, that my counsels are not all in vain," he said, his handsome face flushing.

"Naturally you would prefer to remain alone this evening; but let me persuade you to dine with us all. It is much better to meet and face your difficulties at once. Come and take your place—not perhaps just yet as mistress of the house, but as the daughter.

"Will you try?"

"I will do anything you wish," I said.

Then, looking up, I saw Lady Ullswater close by, with anger in her eyes.

"I thought I heard voices," she said very coldly.

I looked at my hero and defender. He was quite unmoved; his mother's displeasure did not touch him.

I thought that I had better imitate his example.

"Lance," she asked, "Why are you not with the Earl?"

"Because he does not want me, mother. I came of find my cousin and bid her welcome home."

"Nonsense!" was Lady Ullswater's comment.

"I do hope, Lance, you intend to use your common-sense in this case.

"Do not fill the girl's mind with false ideas."

"I could not if I would," he replied. "Her mind is too true and too well-balanced to admit to such a thing."

He went up to her, and my eyes followed him, my heart went with him.

He spoke to her in low vehement tones, but every word was clear and very plain to me.

"Mother," he said, "you are not kind, dear; you are not just. The girl is not to blame.

"Only think if it were Gladys and Daisy who, in similar circumstances, were received in this fashion!"

"Such a thing could not be. The girl, to my mind, is an intruder, and I shall treat her as such."

"She is your brother's own daughter," he cried—"more nearly related to him than you are!"

"Before I commit myself further, I shall insist on seeing legal proofs," said Lady Ullswater. "I have been talking the matter over with Gladys, and she is a very sensible girl."

"All Gladys's sense cannot alter facts," said Sir Lance.

"No; but it may throw light upon darkness," retorted her ladyship.

"I do not believe in these mysterious relationships.

"When my brother produces his wife, I will believe in his wife's daughter."

That was a direct enough challenge, and Lady Ullswater looked most imperious as she made it.

"That is my ultimatum," she added.

"Others may do as they please and believe what they like.

"I know my brother, and know to what lengths his love of inflicting pain will carry him, and I decline to listen to any story he may tell until he produces his wife, if she is living, or proof of her death.

"From that decision I shall never swerve; and no one can say that it is an unjust one."

I looked at Lance.

His face was troubled, but his eyes sought mine kindly.

"At least mother, he said, "until that time arrives, you will treat Laurie with kindness."

"I will treat her justly, Lance," she answered.

"No one can expect more."

But I was not to be disposed of so very easily.

Until my father should speak I would not allow any one to mention my mother lightly.

I intended her name to be respected, and I knew that Lance would help me.

"Lady Ullswater, will you listen to me for one moment?" I said.

"You are, of course, at liberty to do what you will.

"I am a very young girl, and I cannot cope with you, a woman of the world; but I repudiate every word you have said. I take my place in my father's house without any sanction of yours; and I claim for my mother's name as much respect as is shown for yours."

Lance's blue eyes smiled on me. I read approval in them. I went boldly up to her then, forgetting my tear-stained face and untidy dress.

"I do not ask any kindness from you," I said.

"You have called me a usurper; you have spoken slightly of my mother; you have done your best to make me unhappy; now I insist on being treated with courtesy, and, if you fail in that, I shall complain to the Earl, my father."

"What a vixen!" cried her ladyship.

"No, I am not.

"I shall be what you make me, Lady Ullswater.

"If you are civil and courteous to me, I shall be the same to you. If you are not ——"

But just then the blue eyes gave me a warning glance, and I stopped suddenly. She was Lance's mother after all.

"I must compliment you on your manner Lady Dundas," said Lady Ullswater, with a flash of her dark eyes.

"Do not answer my mother, Laurie," Lance whispered, drawing close to me. "She is irritated and annoyed, and is not like herself. Come with me to the house," he added aloud; "the first dinner-bell will ring soon."

But her ladyship, with a great assumption of statelinees, walked before us.

CHAPTER X.

I SHALL never forget the tedium, the ennui, the misery of that dinner.

The dining-room was large, lofty, well lighted, and handsomely furnished. The table shone with silver. It was artistically decorated with flowers, and the damask was of the finest.

There were present—Lady Ullswater, at the head of the table, resplendent in purple velvet and diamonds, the ill-temper that she seemed unable to control displaying itself in curved lips and flashing eyes; Miss Ullswater, stately and proud, with gloom on her handsome face and a look of intent thought in her eyes; Daisy, bright and beautiful as a summer dream; myself, with the tear-stains vanished; and, lastly, Lance looking so handsome, so kind, but, above all, so brave and strong.

My heart was full of unutterable love for him.

In all time and in all the world I have found no one like him.

The presence of the servants prevented any display in her temper.

Daisy did not seem to feel disturbed. She laughed and talked as though nothing were amiss.

I was as much at a loss as ever to understand her.

Whether she was fair and good, as she looked, or whether there was a subtle evil spirit beneath that attractive manner, I could not tell.

She spoke to me several times in her bright animated fashion.

Lance had made me feel happier.

He came to me just before we went in to dinner, holding a lovely red rose and maiden-hair fern in his hand.

"Will you wear this, Laurie?" he said. "Red roses suit your style exactly."

I had one already in my hair.

I fastened this in my dress, and he appeared delighted.

The conversation turned principally upon the engagements which, in consideration of the Earl's severe illness, had had to be foregone, and the visitors who might probably call during the evening.

If Lance and Daisy had not persisted in speaking to me and appealing to me I should have been quite ignored.

It was evident, from the curious half-stealthy glances of the servants, that my history had been discussed amongst them. It occured to me also that they groaned under her ladyship's sway, and would not be sorry if power were in other hands.

Lady Ullswater was very imperious.

She had none of that gentle conciliatory manner which makes a woman's greatest charm.

No one dared to disobey her, and the servants hastened to execute her orders. It was a great relief to me when the long tiresome dinner was over; but I did not fare much better in the drawing-room.

Lady Ullswater pointed to a magnificent album that lay one on of the side-tables.

"You will find photographs of many of the St. Asaphs in that album," she said.

I bowed; but I thought to myself that I had seen enough of the St. Asaphs for one day at least.

I went to the other end of the room. The three ladies formed a little group by themselves.

Now and then it was impossible to avoid hearing what they said.

Daisy was urging something on Lady Ullswater.

"Believe me, it will be best, for this one night at least, until the story gets known or something has been said about it. As we stand now, I would not have the Marquis find her here for the world."

"He will have to know," said Lady Ullswater.

"Yes, of course, he will have to know," Daisy agreed.

"All the world must know; but let me have a few hours.

"I am sure he will speak to-night. Let me have this chance."

"I think she is right, mamma," said Gladys.

"It is so very sudden, you see."

After a time, Lady Ullswater crossed the room to me.

"Lady Dundas," she said, my daughters and I have been accustomed to receive our friends here in the evening."

"As a matter of course," I assented.

"Yes, as a matter of course," she repeated.

"I should really be grateful," she continued, "if you would not mind occupying some other room this evening. My daughters have friends coming to-night. I could not introduce you to them without knowing your father's wishes on the subject."

"I should be very sorry to be in the way," I began, rising with dignity; but I could not continue.

Tears rose unbidden to my eyes, and I hastened from the room.

Half way down the broad corridor I met Lance.

"Where are you going, Laurie?" he asked.

"I am tired, and am going to my own room," I replied.

"Then I must not complain," he remarked; "but I had anticipated spending an hour with you.

"You have something to ask me, I know, by the anxious look in your eyes. What is it Laurie?"

"I want to know what you think, Lance. Ought I to go and see the Earl again to-night? He told me to do so; but I am tired."

"I will speak to him," he replied. "You will not mind waiting, will you? Look from this window at the glorious view of the park by moonlight."

How good it was of him instantly to make my little trouble his own!

He went quickly up-stairs, and in a few minutes returned.

"I have seen Lord St. Asaph," he said. "I told him that you were not well—that you were very tired; and he said that you were to go to rest, and that he would see you in the morning."

"How is he?" I asked.

"Better to-night; but any improvement never lasts long with him. I am glad to have been of some use to you. You are quite sure that it is of your own will you have left the drawing-room?"

I had resolved that nothing should ever induce me to make mischief between mother and son.

I would never complain to him about his mother.

"I was tired," I answered, "that, when I took up the large album to have a look at my relatives, I could see them only though a mist."

I did not explain that it was through a mist of tears.

"You will sleep well then, I hope," he said.

"How beautiful the moonlight is Yet it always given me a restless sensation. Does it affect you in the same way?"

"More or less.

"It always makes me long for that which I know I shall never get," was my answer, which made Sir Lance look very thoughtful when he wished me good night.

I found my rooms half filled with the trunks and books that had come from Pentarn House, and Mrs. Bennett, the housekeeper, waiting for me.

"I thought, my lady, you would like me to wait upon you until your own maid comes.

"I have engaged one. Shall I help you with your trunks?"

I was only too pleased.

The old place had a more homely look when my books and pictures were distributed about it, my easel and harp, and all the various little knick-knacks that schoolgirls have to collect.

It was late before we had finished arranging my belongings.

Then Mrs. Bennett insisted on my drinking some white wine whey, and, almost before my tired head touched the pillow, I was asleep.

Waking for the first time under that roof was a strange experience to me. The first thing that met my eyes was a bouquet of beautiful roses, of all shades, from the palest pink to the deepest crimson. I knew they came from Sir Lance.

Who else would think of sending me roses?

Then came a message from the Earl to say that I was to see him soon after breakfast.

"I will take my breakfast here in my own sitting-room," I said to the housemaid who appeared with an early cup of tea.

Then, with the natural desire of a young girl to look her best, I chose my prettiest morning dress—amber blended with pale blue.

I was anxious that my appearance should please my father.

I placed a knot of Lance's red roses in my hair and one at my throat. As I was going to my father's room, I met Sir Lance on the stairs.

"I need not ask you whether you have slept well, Laurie," he said; "you look so much better.

"You are going to Lord St. Asaph. I hear his health is improved this morning. I wish—ah, well, wishing is of no use!—but I envy those roses you have there."

Before I could make any rejoinder I heard a rustle of silk, and I knew that Lady Ullswater was coming. I did not want to meet her.

"Good morning, Sir Lance," I said.

"Here is Lady Ullswater;" and away I hastened, leaving him with a look of great astonishment on his face.

I passed on to my father's room. I felt stronger and braver this morning, more ready to do battle for my mother.

I wished I could put some warmth into my manner; but the very sight of the Earl appalled me, and made me long to run away.

I shuddered to think that I must kiss him.

"Good morning, Laurie," he said gaily. "You are looking well. Come nearer. I want to see you."

He held out his hand, on which were some costly rings, to me. It was a repellant hand—bent, crooked, shrivelled—more like the talon of a bird than anything else. His eyes caught the expression in mine.

"I had as fine a pair of hands as any one in England, once upon a time," he said. "But look at them now, Laurie;" and he smiled grimly.

CHAPTER XI.

COME nearer," said the Earl to me. "I want to have a good look at you, Laurie. Why, you have not a single feature of your mother's face! I have been thinking a great deal of you during the night.

"I ought not to have left you at school all these years; but time flies so quickly when one devotes oneself to enjoying life, as I have done.

"I have sent for you this morning to tell you all about your mother."

At last—at last! My heart beat at the words.

I did not show any emotion, lest he should become angry, as he had on the previous day.

"You shall hear the whole history of my marriage," said the Earl.

"It was the one mad romance of my life. Your mother was a curate's daughter, with a guileless soul and a face like an angel's. I paid the price of my folly, though. Come nearer to me, Laurie. Am I hateful to you that you stand looking at me from such a distance?"

"No, no!" I cried.

"Do not say such things!"

I conquered my repugnance, and, bending over him, kissed the wrinkled brow.

"I look older than I am, Laurie," he said, with an indescribable leer.

"I have spent my time rather too pleasantly, I fear.

"What age should you take me to be, Laurie?"

"Nearly seventy," I replied, thinking in my own heart that he looked very old and wrinkled even for that age.

"Thank you," he said, with a grim smile; "you are no flatterer, Laurie. You say seventy—why I am only just sixty! Twenty years ago I was a fine handsome man. I have gone down hill rapidly during the last few years.

"When I married your mother, eighteen years ago, there was not a better-looking man in England.

"I had not a gray hair on my head or a wrinkle on my face.

"But the St. Asaphs age quickly when they begin to go.

"Sit down by my side here, Laurie. Faith, 'tis a new sensation quite to have a grown-up daughter.

"I hope I am not growing sentimental. I wish I had sent for you before; I might have been a better man.

"Sit down, Laurie."

I seated myself by his bedside, outwardly bold, inwardly trembling, but with my heart steadfast on the thought of Lance. I had a sure friend and protector in him.

"I will give you your choice," said the Earl.

"Will you hear the story of my marriage alone, or shall I send for your amiable aunt and her daughters?"

"Alone!" I cried.

I would not have had my mother's love-story told to them for the whole world. If there was anything in it sacred to her, it should not be told to such unsympathetic ears.

There was a gleam in his eyes that I did not like.

He laughed at things that were sacred, and his laughter had an unpleasant sound to me.

"You are very wise, Laurie," he said. "I see you have guaged her ladyship's character pretty accurately.

"She will have to know the chief points in the story, but she need not know the details.

"I cannot tell whether they will interest you or not.

"It seems strange to me to be lying here, dying, as they say, and remember what I was once—not so long ago either—to remember that I loved your mother with a mad, sweet, foolish love."

For that I thanked Heaven.

He had loved her once.

My dear gentle mother must have had a passing glimpse of happiness.

"I will begin at the beginning, Laurie," he said.

"Are you sure that the door is fastened? I don't want any listeners."

I went to the door, just to set his mind quite at ease.

"There is no one outside, Lord St. Asaph," I said.

He looked at me with another strange grim smile.

"You must call me 'father,'" he said.

"I will—in time. I cannot just yet," I answered, shrinking.

"Very well," he replied.

"But you must not forget, Laurie, that I have no time to spare.

"I am not sentimental; but I should like to hear the word before I die."

I determined that he should, no matter what it cost me.

"I attribute all the mistakes of my life to the over-indulgence with which I was treated from my very childhood," said Lord St. Asaph; "I have always had my own way.

"My mother, the late Countess, whose portrait hangs in the gallery here, was very proud and very imperious; but she never conquered me.

"Perhaps she never tried.

"I was called 'the little Earl' in those days, Laurie—a different title from the one people give me now—and I was called so because my father, Earl Philip, died when I was quite a child.

"There were but two of us, myself and Lady Ullswater, who is some years younger than I am.

"All that I remember of my childhood is one unbroken dream of happiness and indulgence.

"My mother died when I most needed her care and counsel.

"My sister married well, as we thought. Her husband was only a baronet, but he was supposed to be a wealthy one; and, to tell you the truth, Laurie, although Lady Ullswater would most indignantly deny it, I am sure it was a love-match.

"My stately sister was in love then. All the St. Asaphs love desperately. Her time came, as mine did later.

"I need hardly tell you, Laurie, that, as soon as I was of age, I found that I was a great centre and source of attraction—in fact, I was one of the best matches in England, and the matrons of Mayfair did not forget it. To confess the truth, Laurie, I was not a model young man. I had a reputation for wildness and fastness which was quite deserved. There were times when all England rang with my wild adventures, when all London laughed at my mad frolics—when even the least sober of my comrades looked just a little shy at me, and said, 'You should be more careful, St. Asaph.'

"But there was never a time when a Belgravian mother refused to smile at me, or a Belgravian daughter declined to know me. If I had been a younger brother, I should have been condemned perhaps by the leaders of society. As it was, they talked about the 'dear Earl' and his high spirits. What a world of deceit and nonsense it is, Laurie!

"Yet, in the midst of all my folly, my wildness—nay, let me use the word my wickedness—I had the sense to want to be

loved for myself, to hate the thought that some woman or other would marry me for my wealth or station.

"I ran the gauntlet of the London seasons—I saw all the fairest faces in Paris and Italy—all the women whom the world called beautiful; but none pleased me.

"In my heart I had a certain longing, and it was for a young, guileless, innocent wife.

"So I passed year after year, until I was forty.

"Then my sister's husband died, leaving her with three children.

"I knew that in the common order of things young Lance must be my heir if I did not marry.

"I liked the boy—I have always liked him.

"One morning, in an evil mood, I said to my sister—

"Laura, if I never marry, I shall leave my money to your girls;' and in a few days it was known throughout London society that Lady Ullswater's daughters would be my heiresses—for my sister had been careful to spread the report.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lola's Guardian.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

WHEN Lola Benson's father died he confided his infant daughter, left motherless a year before to the guardianship of his tried friend, John Hargood.

The trust was accepted in no half-hearted way, for the child's mother had been the object of Hargood's first and only love—a love which he had left unspoken and hidden away among the secrets of his heart on discovering that his friend had been beforehand in becoming the lady's suitor.

"How wonderfully like her mother she has grown!" was John Hargood's first thought when Lola Benson, a grown young lady, and "finished" at last, came home from school to take her place as his adopted daughter and mistress of his house.

He was old enough to be Lola's father, and fancied, for a long time, that he loved her as a father, but as time passed, and the likeness that had so struck him at the first grew upon him day by day, he began to be conscious, at length, of something akin to the old feeling entertained towards Lola's mother.

For a long time he struggled against such thoughts, called himself a fool for forgetting the disparity of age, and severely chided his own selfishness for even suggesting the binding of a fresh young life, in the brightness of its morning, to one already beginning to decline in the vale of years.

But it may be doubted if any man young enough to fall in love ever really thought himself too old to be loved.

John Hargood was close on fifty, but was still reckoned a handsome man; and with his equally handsome fortune, many a belle of twenty would have jumped at the offer of his hand.

It was a long while before he could make up his mind to tell Lola the true condition of his feelings.

The revelation startled her. It was evidently unexpected.

She turned pale and trembled, and, for an instant, a pained expression agitated her countenance.

"I would not for the world constrain your inclinations," Mr. Hargood hastened to add; "but, Lola, if you think you can love an old fellow like me well enough to be my wife——"

"Do you wish it?

"Does it greatly concern your happiness?" she asked, slowly and calmly.

"It does?" he returned, in a voice quivering with emotion.

"Your consent would make me the happiest of men, but not if given at the cost of your——"

"I consent," broke in Lola, reaching out her hand and placing it in his.

John Hargood drew his ward towards him, and kissed her, much in the old paternal way, and thus was their engagement sealed.

It was not many days after that Yates Rutledge, a young man highly esteemed by Mr. Hargood, at whose house he had always been a welcome visitor, presented himself before the latter.

With much blushing and many stammerings, Mr. Rutledge at last succeeded in explaining that the object of his coming was to ask Mr. Hargood's permission to pay court to his ward.

"Have you informed her of your feelings?" inquired Mr. Hargood, in a quick, sharp voice, which Yates Rutledge thought boded him no good.

"I—I did not wish to do so without first consulting you," the young man stammered, with a fresh accompaniment of blushes.

"Have you any reason to—to believe that your sentiments are reciprocated?" asked the elder gentleman, looking quite as anxious and embarrassed as the younger.

"I have fancied I might hope," began the latter.

"I shall broach the matter to my ward this evening, and give you an answer to-morrow," said Hargood, hastily interrupting and cutting short the interview.

Lola's face turned very pale, and then very red, when her guardian reported the visit of Yates Rutledge and its object.

"And now what answer must I give him?" Mr. Hargood asked.

Lola hesitated an instant.

Had Mr. Hargood's eyes been younger and sharper, he might have seen the tears trembling in hers, but they escaped his notice.

"Tell him he must not come on such an errand" she answered, in a voice that faltered a little, though it was quite decided; "and how can you ask me such a question," she added, "in view of our—our own engagement?"

Poor Rutledge was sadly crestfallen when Mr. Hargood gave him his answer the next day: and worse still on receiving, as a reason for it, the intelligence that Miss Benton was already engaged.

"What are those tears about Lola dear?" asked Mr. Hargood, as he came upon his ward rather suddenly half an hour later.

"Nothing."

He took her hand and drew her to him gently.

"My darling," he said, in a voice ever so kind and fatherly, "if, after all, you are not entirely happy in our engagement—if there is any other—Yates Rutledge, for instance——"

"Oh! don't!—don't!" she cried, pleadingly.

Then dashing away her tears, "I—I am quite happy," she added; "and come what will, I shall keep my word!"

Mr. Hargood sat a long time alone in his study that evening, and did so for several evenings following.

He spoke no more to Lola of their engagement.

"I think I shall go for a moonlight sail on the river," he said to Lola, as she came one night with her good-night kiss.

"Don't be anxious if I am out late. You know I shall be quite safe."

Mr. Hargood went out, and never more returned!

His small boat was found next morning empty and drifting with the current.

Lola's sorrow was deep and lasting.

And when Mr. Hargood's will was opened, and it was found that he had left her his sole legatee, her grief broke out afresh as she thought of the fond love which she had only been able to repay with a divided heart.

It was two years before Lola could be brought to listen to the suit of Yates Rutledge, whom she had loved from the first.

But she yielded at last, for holding out now could not benefit the dead.

"There's a countryman of yours lying ill here," said the garrulous landlord of a little German inn at which Yates Rutledge and his wife made a stop on their wedding tour.

"The doctor indeed, has quite given him up; but I think it might do him good to see some of his own country-people—at least, it might serve to revive his spirits a little."

Yates and Lola followed the host, who led the way to the sick man's room.

Lola uttered a cry.

There, wasted to a shadow, lay on a couch the scarce recognizable form of her old guardian.

"I saw, when it was too late," the dying man murmured, "that I had made a mistake in asking you to be my wife.

"That your heart had already been given to another.

"But I knew that you would insist on keeping your promise to me, even at the cost of wrecking your own life, and that the best way out of it all would be to make you believe me dead.

"Forgive me if I have caused you a passing pain.

"I knew that time and a lover's care would heal it.

"As to the fortune, have no scruples whatever.

"Your title will soon be complete, and I carried with me quite sufficient for my own wants."

Then, calling Yates Rutledge, he joined his and Lola's hands.

"Bless you my children!" he muttered, half inaudibly, and sank back upon the pillow.

A slight tremor shook his frame, and then followed the stillness of death!

The Young Squire.

BY A. M. E.

THE hero of the story I have to tell is yet living, or was three years ago, when I last saw him.

The incidents to be related occurred soon after the commencement of the Crimean War, when political feeling ran high in our little town.

One day, near to the quarters where enlistment was going on, an old grumbler, who loved to be on the off-side of everything, took it upon himself to vindictively denounce the Government, declaring that it was a wicked and an abominable one. Honest blood was boiling; but nobody, as yet, touched the man, or took notice of him.

At length, when several brave young fellows came up and "took the shilling," he burst forth derisively, "Aha! You'll make a smart lot of so'jers to go to fight the Russians, won't you?

"You'll run like a pack of whipped curs the very first smell you get of powder!

"Thein's my sentiments!"

"And here's *my* sentiments!" very quietly said our young Squire, Harry Millet, although it could be seen that the quietness was external; and, as he spoke, he grasped the railer—Spoop, we'll call him—by the collar, and shook him until he had turned black in the face.

The firm pressure of the knuckles against his throat probably had much to do with the bla knees of his visage.

However, Harry shook him until, when he finally let go his hold, Spoop staggered and fell—not from mortal injury, but simply from dizziness.

For this, Harry Millet was apprehended, and taken to the police-court, where the magistrates were sitting.

The case was remanded, and when the day of trial came on the court was crowded. The sensation was great as Harry Millet stepped into the box.

Mr. Tripp was Spoop's lawyer, and he entered into the case with spirit.

He hated Squire Millet, and he meant to punish him severely if he could.

He claimed that the life of his client had not only been endangered, but that it was in danger even now, from the foul and wicked, and, he would say, murderous assault made upon him by the defendant.

We will pass over the presentation of the case by Lawyer Tripp, which was terrible in its vindictiveness, and also over the evidence of the plaintiff, and come to the defence.

One of the witnesses called by the defendant's counsel was the recruiting officer, who gave his testimony very quietly and clearly showing that Spoop had been outrageously insulting, and that Squire Millett had given him just such a reminder as he deserved—no more and no less.

By-and-by Mr. Tripp took his witness in hand for cross-examination.

"You say the defendant in this case gave to my client only such a reminder as he deserved.

"What do you call a reminder?"

"Something, sir, that would remind the man that he hadn't ought'r talk such stuff before honest, well-disposed men," was the recruiting sergeant's proper answer.

"Yes, that is your idea. Well, now, can you tell the court just what the character of that reminder, as you call it, was? We wish to get at this thing. We wish to know what you call such a reminder as my client deserved.

"Or, what will be more to the purpose, do you think you could tell us just the character of the reminder which he did give? Let us have that sir."

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, poking his fingers up through his hair, as though in search of an idea, "it's rather difficult to explain in words just what such a reminder as that was."

"Very well never mind the words. Explain it as you please. What we wish to get at is just what you call a deserved reminder."

"Oh!

"I thought you wanted me to explain just how the accused gave it."

"And so I do."

"Well, sir, I really don't know of but one way in which I could palpably demonstrate it."

"Take your own way, sir; only let us have it. And, if it's all the same to you, we'd like to have you be quiet.

"Well, sir," said the tall muscular sergeant, "I can show the very way the accused did it; because I stood right at his elbow, and watched every move he made.

"He took him in this fashion, with the back of his hand turned in just like that!—and then—he shook him!—shook him!—up!—like—like—this!"

The sergeant had suited the action to the word; when he spoke of the turning in of the back of the hand—"just like that"—he had jammed his knuckles into Lawyer Tripp's throat so as to nearly stop his breath; and then he had shaken—shaken—in short, had shaken as nearly after the fashion as he could copy it.

When the lawyer was finally cast into the chair, gasping for breath and entirely powerless to speak, the recruiting sergeant stepped back, and the court shook.

It shook—and shook again.

Finally Tripp gained his feet; but he could not speak, for the audience burst forth again and again, determined not to hear him more.

"Henry Millet," he said "I am satisfied that you shook the plaintiff in this case with an unnecessary severity and I cannot pass it over in silence.

"The decision of the bench is that you shall pay a fine of one shilling."

So terminated this assault case

Spoop declared that he would have justice, if he had to go to the House of Lords for it; and Lawyer Tripp declared that he would have satisfaction for the gross assault that had been committed upon himself!

And that was the end.

Out in the open air there was a spirit rife which the sore headed twain did not think it prudent to tempt further; so they put their chagrin into their pockets, and went home—certainly sad, and, we opine, somewhat wiser.

THE SACK.—There is a custom, still very prevalent amongst the peasants in some parts of Germany, of mocking a rejected suitor when he has received the "korb"—this idiom reminds us of our saying of "giving him the sack"—from his fair one, by building up a huge pile of peat in the shape of a basket upon the highest chimney of his house. This business is done very stealthily during the night, a certain number of peasant lads being always ready for the "spree," and although the luckless object of their derision is most careful to conceal his disappointment from his surroundings, it is sure to be discovered by the "refusal hunters"—as they are called—and the basket is reared on the chimney, and thus all hope that the poor man may yet find consolation amongst the other village damsels is destroyed, for no maiden will look at a rejected suitor.

EVERYONE in this world has his or her share of trials and troubles.

Bric-a-Brac.

ENGLAND'S ARMS.—The lion and unicorn became the supporters of the English royal arms in 1603 at the accession of James. The unicorn was the Scottish supporter.

"DEAD BREE."—In Northern Scotland, as late as the sixteenth century, the people would dig up a corpse, cut off the head, soak it in a bucket of water, and then drink the water as a cure for witchcraft. They called it a "dead bree."

THE NUMBER OF INSECTS.—It is estimated that there are five times as many kinds of insects as there are species of all other living things put together. The oak alone gives shelter and support to 450 species of insects, and 200 kinds make their home in pine trees. In 1849, Alexander von Humboldt estimated that the number of species preserved in collections was between 150,000 and 170,000; but scientific men now say that there are 750,000 species.

BLACK AS A SIGN.—"Black is the sign of mourning," says Rabelais, "because it is the color of darkness, which is melancholy, and the opposite to white, which is the color of light, of joy, of happiness." The introduction of writing paper blacked at the edge as a mark of respect to the dead, came into use at a very early part of the seventeenth century. Black wax was also used about this time, though persons about this period did not stand upon etiquette to the extent they do now, as they used red as well as black during the time mourning was observed. Paper with a black border is of a more recent date, and when first introduced as a token of mourning the border was of a reasonable width; of late years the sable border display has grown so obtrusive and so excessive that even visiting cards have been seen entirely black with the name only printed in white.

THE KANGAROO.—Another pet idea in natural history must go. The kangaroo does not stand upon a tripod, nor make his vast leaps by spurning the ground with his tail. To prove this, a band of kangaroos obligingly crossed a space of wet sand in the presence of an Australian naturalist, and left exact impressions of their tracks. Only one accidental mark showed an impress of the tail upon the sand, though the great hind feet left deep tracks, some of which showed 20 feet as the average length of the leaps, which is believed to be often exceeded. The scientist believes, however, that the massive tail performs an important part in balancing the body and bringing it to the point of departure for each successive stride, and, so far as can be observed during the excitement of the chase, appears, by being swung to one side, to help the animal in making those sharp doubles which confound the best dogs.

A TURKISH LOVE LETTER.—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, when in Turkey, sent a friend a Turkish love letter, in the shape of a small box containing a pearl, a clove, a jonquil, a piece of paper, a pear, a cake of soap, a bit of coal, a rose, a straw, a piece of cloth, some cinnamon, a match, hair, a gold thread, a grape, a piece of gold wire and a pod of pepper. Taken out of the box in the above order, these articles signified: "Fairest of the young, you are as slender as this clove: you are an unblown rose. I have long loved you, and you have not known it. Have pity on my passion; I faint every hour. Give me some hope; I am sick with love. May I die and all my years be yours. May you be pleased and your sorrow mine. Suffer me to be your slave. Your price is not to be found. But my fortune is yours. I burn, I burn; my flame consumes me. Do not turn away your face. Crown of my head; my eyes; I die, come quickly!" The pepper pod stands for the postscript: "Send me an answer."

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.—The Flying Dutchman is the name given by sailors to a phantom ship, supposed to cruise in the storms off the Cape of Good Hope. According to tradition, a Dutch captain bound home from the Indies, with long-continued head winds and heavy weather off this cape, refused to put back as he was advised to do, swearing that he would beat around the cape if it took until the day of judgment to accomplish the feat. He was taken at his word, and doomed to beat against winds all his days. His sails are believed to have become threadbare, and the ship's side white with age, and himself and his crew reduced almost to shadows. He cannot heave to or lower a boat, but sometimes he hails vessels through his trumpet, and requests them to take letters home for him. The superstition has its origin in the looming or apparent suspension in the air of some ship out of sight—a phenomenon sometimes witnessed at sea, and caused by unequal refraction in the lower strata of the atmosphere.

NEAR THE POLE.—The inhabitants of Greenland, in settling their personal quarrels, never think of resorting to the sword or pistol, but adopt quite a different mode of satisfaction. The injured party composes a satire in which the moral or corporeal excellences of his antagonist are properly celebrated, and recites it in his house and about his immediate neighborhood until his domestics and neighbors are acquainted with each line and period. He then publicly challenges his rival to a keen encounter of their wits at some place and time designated, when and where he chants his invective with a drum accompanying, his family and acquaintance swelling the chorus, and joining in the most pungent and biting paragraphs. He hurls all sorts of epigrams and iambics against him, and endeavors to enlist the laughers on his side. The contest continues, and he who, by the majority of votes, has made the best of the wordy war, is declared to have received satisfaction.

JUST THE SAME.

BY CANON BELL.

The girls are planning to get a beau;
They dress for party, ball, and show;
And the old folks tell us it wasn't so
When they were young and used to go.
But the difference is really no more or less
Than a little change in the style of dress;
And human nature itself, you see,
Is just the same as it used to be.

After the verses and prayers are said,
The old folks light the boys to bed;
And they lie as still as though they were dead
Till daddy goes off to his dreams instead.
Then down the back stairs sly and slow;
They creep so silent on tiptoe;
And the old man laughs in the morning to see
It's just the same as it used to be.

The goods old maids are waiting yet;
Over love affairs they froth and fret;
Of girls they never saw such a set:
Everyone is a silly coquette.
But if backward something like forty years
They would carry their meddlesome eyes and ears,
In flirts and freaks of their own they'd see
It's just the same as it used to be.

Of course, for the aged 'tis right to hold
The years they were happy the best that rolled
But the truth is plain, and ought to be told,
That the world grows better in growing old;
And only love, in its show and flame,
Is ever changing, and yet the same:
Freaks of fashion and change, you see,
But it's just the same as it used to be.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—[CONTINUED.]

SO my step-mother thought," Ninon retorted.

"Poor woman! It is not for me to speak ill of her now, when she lies there upon her bed of pain. But you know that she had always resolved that I must make a rich marriage.

"It was for that reason that I begged you to keep our engagement secret, as you remember.

"And, when Mr. Beaufoy came, she looked forward confidently, poor thing, to seeing me one day mistress of the house where my mother was born. But unfortunately"—the girl broke into a wretched little laugh—"Mr. Beaufoy had the bad taste to disapprove of me."

"Ninon!"

"I am telling you the simple truth. From our first meeting he conceived a dislike to me which he hardly took the trouble to conceal.

"But for my step-mother's ambitious views, perhaps"—smiling bitterly—"it would not have mattered. But, as week after week went by, and still my cousin Brian resisted all my fascinations, I suppose she took fright. Oh, poor woman! It is cruel to have to talk of all this now; but I must, for she sent for me one day, and told me that Mr. Meltadew—he is the other great man of the village, and very rich—had proposed for me, and that she expected me to marry him."

"A girl cannot be married against her will in these days," said Richard curtly.

"No; I suppose not"—wearily. "And I dare say it all sounds unreal; but the pain and the shame of it were very hard to bear. What was I to do? Tiffany had been sent away; I did not even know where the child was.

"On my consent depended her return from that dreadful place in which Brian afterwards found her.

"To confess to our engagement then would have been to make Tiff suffer still more bitterly.

"And then, when I was at my wits' end, Dick, when"—turning pale at the recollection—"there had been a degrading scene between the poor woman up-stairs and me—I told a lie!"

"A lie!" the young man echoed, as he devoured her rapid words.

"Yes, a lie—to gain time—to enable me to keep my word to you and yet bring Tiff back from her misery. I told my step-mother that I was engaged to Mr. Beaufoy."

Dick stared at her, only half comprehending.

"And then," the girl went on in feverish haste, "I went to Brian, and confessed what I had done."

Even now the hot blood rose in rebellion at the thought of her confession.

"I asked him, for Tiffany's sake, not to betray me, but let my step-mother continue in that belief until you came home to take care of me.

"Oh"—laughing wretchedly again—"he was reluctant enough! He brought me down to the very dust before he consented even though it was for Tiffany's dear little sake."

"But"—Dick drew a long and painful breath—"he did consent, you say?"

"Yes; when my step-mother spoke to him of our supposed engagement, he did not deny it.

"He stooped to my level, and assented to my falsehood.

"But that was all.

"He did not dislike me any the less, you may be sure, for having implicated him in a complication so revolting to his pride. And he knew, of course, of my promise to you, and—and reminded me of it at times when he thought I was forgetting it." She paused, trembling, and eagerly watching her lover's face.

She read no relenting there.

"Dick," she said, about to put her hand upon his arm, but checking herself with a pathetic recollection of his previous rebuff, "Dick, don't you believe me? Indeed I am telling you the truth!"

"But hardly all the truth," he answered in a constrained voice, at last.

"Mr. Beaufoy, it is evident, was not unwilling to assume the authority, at least, of a lover."

"No," she answered, with the same bitter smile as before.

"It gave him the bitter opportunity he had been anxiously seeking of expressing his entire disapproval of me. I assure you that he was frankness itself."

"And no doubt"—still in the same constrained voice—"you profited by his reproof and endeavoured to adapt yourself to his prejudice, or else what was the meaning of—of what I saw last night?"

Her heart stood still.

"If Mr. Beaufoy was reluctant at first," poor Dick went on, with a wild sneer, "to assume more than the authority of a lover you contrived later to reconcile him to adopting the character in full."

"No," she said.

"I must tell you the truth, no matter what comes of it. It was not Brian who was with me in the picture-gallery last night."

"Not Brian?" he echoed, puzzled. "It was the man, at least, to whom you had engaged yourself in my absence?"

"No," she said again.

"It was his brother.

"It was Quentin."

The young man recoiled as though she had smitten him across the face.

"It was not Brian!" he panted, his eyes burning with a dangerous fire. "It was Quentin! And you—you can stand there and tell me so!"

She shrank back, feeling a sudden physical terror.

She put out her hands, trembling, to keep him back.

"You are thinking what is not true!" she tried to say; the words came only in a hoarse whisper from her parched throat. "Dick, it is all miserable enough, I know, and I have been foolish, reckless, mad! But you must not think that Quentin had ever kissed me before. You must not believe that of me."

"I believe anything—everything of you!" he declared, with scorching contempt. "To which of the Mr. Beaufoys did you say you were engaged—or was it to both?"

She hid her face in her hands.

"I will not waste another word upon you" he went on, in a white heat of passion and of scorn.

"I despise myself for having listened to you so long!

"Go your way!

"You are free to marry whom you will—the man you have befooled as you have befooled and betrayed me!

"To love you is a curse! But I will be your slave no longer! With Heaven's help I will never look upon your face again!"

"Dick!" she said, with a cry of anguish; but he rushed past her, and out of the house.

She put out her hand to catch dizzily at the chair by which she stood, and the Indian ring dropped from her wasted finger, and rolled away into the darkness and dust of the neglected room.

CHAPTER XL.

MRS. MASSERENE'S illness had taken a still more serious aspect, and Doctor Randal now began to look extremely grave.

Ninon, looking little better than a ghost herself, was indefatigable in her devotion to her patient, and refused all aid except such as Sarah could give her.

She knew nothing of illness or of nursing but she followed the Doctor's orders faithfully and implicitly, and won his confidence by her obedience and quiet endurance. Her heart was heavy with her own troubles but no one would have suspected it any more than they would have recognised in this pale, silent, watchful girl, in her dark gown, and with her heavy eyes, the brilliant Miss Masserene who had so lately dazzled the little world of the Priory.

Flory Du Mottay had written two or three charming little notes to her cousin, condoling with her, advising her to engage a nurse, offering her, in Brian's name anything and everything that might be needed for the sick woman's comfort.

But she studiously avoided the house where Ninon sat all day in the hushed and anxious chamber of pain, and kept her weary vigils throughout the dreary autumn nights.

"Of what use could I be?" she asked of Mr. Beaufoy, when he suggested to her that it would be only kind to go and see Ninon, and not leave the girl quite alone in her trouble.

"I know nothing whatever of such matters.

"I have never been ill in my life, or known any one else who has been ill. I should only be in the way, dear Brian, believe me!

"And then there is the packing.

"It is true that Zinaide is a treasure; but I always like to superintend such important matters in person."

Madame Du Mottay was indeed hastening the preparations for her departure.

The weather was changing.

She was sure the Priory was awfully damp.

And Gaston was really getting impatient, poor fellow, of her long holiday.

She reminded her brother that she had duly kept her word and gracefully inaugurated his reign in Marybridge, and that he must now assume the sceptre of management himself.

"Tho'," she said impressively, "if you will take my advice, you will let this picturesque but rheumatic home of our fathers and come back to Paris with me. Why should you bury yourself alive in a place like this at your age?

"Be warned in time, or we shall have you turning red and fat like Sir Harry Durham, and able to talk of nothing but prize cattle and monsieur prize-apples."

Flory wrote a graceful little good-bye to Ninon, and went away without seeing her again.

Quentin went back to France with his spoiled little sister, who was as incapable of travelling alone as a baby.

He did not dare to make any attempt at an interview with Ninon.

He felt that he had no right to intrude upon her at such a time.

But he sent her a line, and gave her an address in Paris which would always find him.

"I am your cousin," he said.

"Brian and I stand to you in the place of brothers.

"If ever I can serve you in any way, I will come to you, no matter where I may be."

Ninon's tears fell fast upon the hurried little scrawl.

She was sitting, as usual, by her step-mother's side.

The house was as silent as the grave.

Fatigue and suspense and watching had shaken the girl greatly. She lifted the letter and held it close against her wet wan cheek.

"My dear, my dear" she murmured. "I have brought you only the pain that I seem fated to bring to every one who loves me, and you have only kind thoughts for me: may Heaven forgive me!"

So they were all going away; she would be quite alone again in a few days.

Tiff was already on her way to Dusseldorf.

There was only herself left.

Every hour she was waiting and listening with a throbbing heart for a letter from Dick.

She had written to him after he left her, refusing to look upon the rupture of their engagement as final, imploring him to forgive her follies and imprudence, and to return to her.

He had been angry with her, and justly, she urged, when last they spoke together. She begged him to reconsider his words, not to cast her off, to believe that she was deeply penitent and ashamed, and that she would give all her life to come to atone for the pain she had caused him.

It would have been impossible for her to write such a letter if she had not been impelled to it by the great, if bitter, gladness that had sprung to life in her at the thought that she was free.

She had been startled by this feeling, humiliated, remorse-stricken.

She resolved that she would not yield to the feeling that had taken possession of her.

To marry Dick would be to sacrifice all possibility of happiness for herself. She had felt that from the moment they had met again, and even while she pleading with him for forgiveness.

The shrinking of which she had been conscious at the time of his return drew near had been intensified a hundred-fold in his actual presence.

She knew then once and for all that she would never be able to feel for him what a wife should feel for her husband, but—she had given her word.

When he would have left her a year ago, she had held him back, and now she would kneel down before him, she would humble herself in the very dust, if only she could prove to him that she was honestly desirous at all costs of keeping faith with him.

But her letter remained unanswered.

And in the meantime the girl's anxiety about her step-mother was deepening into a nameless dread that blanched her cheeks and troubled the scanty hours of sleep that she snatched from her faithful watch at her bedside.

At each of good Doctor Randal's visits Ninon searched his face with her great startled haggard eyes, trembling lest she should read there some confirmation of her own vague terror, craving in a piteous silence for the encouraging assurance that each day seemed slower and slower to come.

She was very ill, Ninon knew—the poor woman between whom and herself there had existed so much unhappiness; but, even when people were very ill, they recovered, and it was impossible that—she shuddered when at last she said the words to herself one day—that her step-mother was going to die!

Oh, no, no, no!

Death came to others, to people whom she did not know, who seemed somehow very far away from her; but she had never realised that it might one day come so close to her.

She could not believe in that possibility—she would not.

And so she went on bravely with her nursing, poor child, scarcely allowing herself time for the few hours of rest that were absolutely necessary, refusing to leave the sick-room, even when ordered into the air by good Doctor Randal, setting herself with a quiet desperate persistence to do battle with the awful shadow that was gathering over the house.

Mr. Beaufoy sent every day to inquire for her, as well as for poor Mrs. Masserene.

Mrs. Randal, and other women in the village who had spoken cruelly enough of the girl in the days of her brief triumph, were ready with offers of assistance. But Ninon refused them all.

She would not even send for Tiffany.

The poor little thing was only just settled at school.

It would be such a pity to bring her back now!

"And—my step-mother is not worse to-day, Doctor?" the girl added, as she told him this.

She looked at him with one of the long piteous looks that he found it so hard to meet.

Doctor Randal patted her on the head, and told her that they must hope for the best; but he hastened away, leaving Ninon alone again with her troubles.

And still Dick did not write.

She thought then that she would send a word or two to Mary Hawthorn.

Mary was always gentle and kind, even when people had done wrong.

She would reason with Dick for her, perhaps.

But to this trembling little letter, written in hasty moments, when she could be spared from the suffering woman's side, there came no answer either, except a note from Mrs. Strong, who explained that Ninon's two letters were lying on the table before her unread.

Mary had decided at the last moment to go with Tiffany to Germany, and to spend a week with her old schoolmistress, to whom she was sincerely attached.

Had not Dick told her so? Mrs. Strong asked.

She had mentioned it in her last letter to him at the Beaufoy Arms.

As to Ninon's letter to him, by this time of course he had answered that in person. Aunt Dorothy concluded with a gentle petition to the girl to scold her son a little for not having written to her, and a hope that Mrs. Masserene might be induced, before he sailed again, to allow her pretty Ninon to spend some time with them at Barnes.

The letter fell from Ninon's hands.

They knew nothing then, as yet. And Dick—what had become of him?

Whither had he gone?

The girl pressed the palms of her hands upon her aching weary eyes.

She could not think any more.

There was only wretchedness for herself and for others, whichever way she turned. She had done wrong; she had paltered with the truth, with an honest man's love, with faith, with all that makes life worth living for; and now, having sown the wind, she must be content to reap the whirlwind.

As she stood hiding her eyes in her misery, the sick woman stirred in her feverish sleep and feebly demanded a drink.

Ninon started, and went back to her with her swift and noiseless tread.

"Forgive me, forgive me!" she murmured in the unlistening ear, as she raised her tenderly on her arm, and held the glass to her lips.

"Forgive me for all the bitter thoughts I have had against you, and all the bitter words I have spoken to you.

"You were better to me than I deserved. You meant to be good to me.

"Oh, if you could only understand me and forgive me now!"

Her tears fell fast.

Her heart was swelling with a cruel pain. What had she done?

How could she ever undo the mischief she had brought about?

The thought of the lonely mother at Barnes haunted her in her long watches all that night.

How happy they might have all been now, aunt Dorothy, and Mary, and poor Dick, but for her!

How good they had been to Tiff and to her!

What a sweet untroubled home it was which they had welcomed them!

And now—now how was she to meet the women she had robbed of their joy, and tell them the truth?

How should she find courage to say to Dick's mother, "Your son is not here. A year ago I took him from you, I know. But yesterday he left me.

"He would not so much as touch my hand.

"He told me that to love me was a curse. He is gone—I do not know where."

She shuddered.

She felt that she could never write the truth; and she would write nothing else.

And the poor mother was waiting there alone for her boy, who did not write, who did not come back.

To whom could she turn in her misery? She had not a friend in all the world. She had estranged them one by one by her own selfish folly—all except poor Quentin. The tears rose in the girl's eyes as she thought of him—Quentin, who could see no wrong in what she did, though she had been cruel and unwomanly to him, as she had been to all those who had loved her.

No; it was not to Quentin she could have turned now, even had he still been at the Priory.

And there was no one else who would have pity on her, to whom she could explain—who would speak for her to aunt Dorothy—who would try to find out Dick, and take the fear from off her soul that she had driven him to some reckless act.

Then she became covered with a sudden painful blush, and hid her face, though she was by the sick-bed, in her hands.

She had thought of Brian, and revolted against the thought.

No, a thousand times no!

She would not, she could not bring herself to ask another favor of him. She would die first.

Had he not warned her, reminded her,

Dick's return, protested against the folly that had ended in such unspeakable misery and shame?

And should she now go to him and tell him that he had been right—that all he had foretold had come to pass, and that, though she had rebelled against his authority under his own roof, though she had deceived and defied him, she was constrained to throw herself once more on his mercy and beg him to help her in the pitiful attempt to undo what she had done?

All through the night she wrestled with her pride, but when the morning came she wrote to Mr. Beaufoy; she had said that she would humble herself to the very dust to prove her penitence to Dick. And now she had done so.

"Dick has quarrelled with me," she said. "He left me the day after the ball.

"And his mother writes to me that he has not come home, and that she has not heard from him.

"Will you go and see her?

"I have no right to ask it of you; I am ready to kill myself with shame for having to ask it.

"But, for Heaven's sake, don't refuse me!"

The answer came back immediately—simply an assurance that Mr. Beaufoy would leave by the next train for London.

And then the girl, breaking into a sob, sat down again to watch and to wait.

She had heard from Tiffany that morning, a long loving letter, full of her journey and of the school and of Mary Hawthorn's kindness.

She would answer it, she thought, when the poor woman there would be suffering less.

Poor little Tiff knew nothing of what had been happening at home.

It was useless to tell her now, when she was so far away.

Ninon had not prayed for many a day; but she bent her head now and thanked Heaven that the little sister was spared any part of the misery she was enduring.

The night was a dreadful one.

Mrs. Massarene's sufferings were cruel to witness.

It was not until daybreak that Ninon, quite worn out, allowed Sarah to take her place, and threw herself, dressed as she was, upon her bed in the next room.

It seemed to her that she had but just fallen asleep when she was aroused by the servant's voice, and, opening her heavy eyes, saw her standing at her side.

"Ah, what is it?" she cried, starting up.

"Has the letter come?

"Where is he?"

And then she remembered, and saw that the woman's face was full of alarm.

"There is a change!" she said quickly, with the wonderful self-control that had never deserted her throughout her nursing. "Sarah, you must go at once for Doctor Randal.

"I am not afraid.

"It is broad day—it is six o'clock."

She was shaking like a leaf; but she inspired the other with new courage.

One sharp pang she felt for poor unconscious little Tiffany, away and happy in her new home; and then she went bravely into the room where the poor mother lay who was never to see her child again.

The doctor found her sitting by the bed, and holding the dead woman's hand in hers.

She seemed quite calm, and did not shed a tear.

"I wish I had sent for Tiff," she said more than once.

"But I did not know—I did not know!"

"My dear, you must lie down and sleep," good Doctor Randal urged.

"You can do no more.

"You have been a good daughter to her; but now you must go and rest."

She did not seem to hear him.

She was listening all day long for something, he thought.

They could not induce her to lie down.

She sat watching the door with her haggard eyes.

And towards evening a letter was brought to her.

"I have done as you asked me. There is still no news of Richard Strong——"

She read no more.

The room seemed suddenly to turn dark.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE next thing that Ninon remembered was opening her eyes and seeing Mary Hawthorn sitting by her bed-room window and sewing in the sunshine.

There was a fire burning, and there were some bottles on a little table.

She lay and looked with a kind of languid pleasure at the sunshine resting on Mary's head, and at the even motion of her hand as the needle flew into and out of her work. The room was very warm and still and pleasant.

Ninon felt strangely tired.

She lay among her pillows without any desire to speak or move, content to look at the pretty picture it all made, and hardly wondering why Mary was there.

"Perhaps it is a dream," she thought vaguely.

"I won't shut my eyes for fear it should go away."

So for a few minutes more she watched the busy needle and the pretty hands and the sunshine on Mary's brown head, thinking of nothing but of how nice and quiet the room was, and how pleasant it was to be there in the warm bed and do nothing.

Then Mary—or was it a figure in a dream?—turned and looked at her, and, seeing the great wistful hollow blue eyes wide open and fixed upon her, in an instant she had thrown aside her work, and had risen and softly approached the bed.

Ninon looked at her still as she bent over her, and tried to smile and to give her her hand; but she found, to her surprise, that she could not lift it up from under the bedclothes.

"Do you know me, Ninon?" Mary said very gently.

"Yes," replied Ninon, wondering why Mary should ask her.

There was a movement behind the curtain at the head of the bed, as if from some one sitting there.

"Thank Heaven!" Miss Hawthorn murmured, half to herself; and, putting her fingers to her lips with a look at the curtain, she stooped and lightly kissed her on the forehead.

"Have I been ill then?" Ninon asked, in her faint voice—she could not speak above a whisper, though she tried.

"Yes dear.

"But it is all over now. Only you must not try to speak much just yet."

Ninon lay still for a moment, looking round the room, and then back at Mary's glad pale face.

"Am I at Barnes, Mary?" she asked, puzzled.

"No, dear Ninon.

"You are at home in Marybridge. I have come to stay with you for a little while and help you to get strong."

"Ah!" Ninon answered, her delicate brows contracting in an effort to understand and remember.

Then she said quickly, some confused recollection coming back to her out of the mists of her long illness, "But I must get up; my step-mother will be wanting me, Mary."

She made a piteous effort to raise herself on her elbow, but fell back again; and Mary gently checked her.

"Lie still, dear," she said. "You are not fit to do anything but rest.

"I will take care of everything else."

But Ninon began to cry, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"She's dead," she said, in her faint voice. "I remember now. She does not want me any more."

"No, dear Ninon. You did all you could. You were with her till the last. And now you must rest."

"Yes," the girl said, "I will, when I remember what I was thinking of yesterday before I fell ill—it was yesterday, was it not?"

"There is something I want to ask you, and I can't remember what it is."

"Dear, you had better not try to think now," Miss Hawthorn answered soothingly.

But Ninon shook her head feebly as it rested on a pillow.

"I must," she said, beginning to cry again.

"It wasn't about Tiff?

"No.

"Tiff is at school and happy, isn't she? My dear little Tiff!"

There was a movement again from the figure that sat at the head of the bed; but again Mary Hawthorn laid a warning finger on her lip.

"Tiffany is not at school just now, dear Ninon," she answered quietly.

"She is here with you again for a little while."

"It she?" the girl said eagerly, the poor wan face brightening. "I should like to kiss her, Mary. There are only Tiff and I left now, and I will be very good to her."

There was a cry, and little Tiff fell upon her knees in her black gown by the bed, and the sisters were locked in each other's arms.

Mary turned away to the window, and took up her work again with fingers that trembled a good deal.

For some minutes she let them to talk to each other in whispers, Tiff's fresh little cheek pressed to Ninon's, and her tears falling fast upon her sweet wasted face.

"Do you forgive me, Tiff, for not sending for you?" the girl said, her thoughts beginning to collect themselves more and more.

"I was afraid to take you away from your school; and—and she would not have known you, dear."

Tiffany answered only with a convulsive clasp of her arms and another burst of tears.

"She meant to be very kind to us," Ninon went on. "It was my fault if she was angry sometimes.

"But I will take care of you for her now, Tiff. I have been a bad sister to you. Yes, I have—thoughtless and selfish and unkind; but I will be a good little mother to you, darling; you will see!"

Tiff could not speak for sobbing.

And then Miss Hawthorn came and gently interfered.

Ninon was not to talk too much. They might talk to her a little, Doctor Randal had said, but she must not be permitted to excite herself.

If she would be good and not talk, Tiffany should sit by her side and hold her hand; but, if not, Mary would be obliged to be a great tyrant, and send little Tiffany away.

Ninon promised to be good.

"And you will stay too, Mary?" Ninon pleaded.

"Yes, indeed I will. You need not be afraid."

"You will go on sewing at the window? I—I like to watch you."

"Yes, that is, if you will keep quiet, and not speak any more."

And then Ninon submitted to be fed; and in a few minutes she closed her eyes, and fell into a deep and healing sleep.

When she awoke, the sunshine was gone, a shaded lamp was burning and the blind was drawn down.

But Mary still sat in her low chair, sewing, by the fire.

She turned, smiling, as Ninon stirred and spoke her name.

"I thought I had dreamt it perhaps," the girl said—already her voice was stronger—"but you are there still, Mary?"

"Yes, dear; you have had a nice sleep. Dr. Randal has been to see you again, and is quite pleased with the progress you have made since this morning.

"And Tiff?" Ninon asked anxiously. "She was here too just now, wasn't she? She kissed me and forgave me; didn't she, Mary?"

"Yes, and she will come back in the morning.

"I have sent her to bed now. She is quite worn out.

"She has been sitting up with you for a great many nights."

"Have I been very ill then?" I don't feel as if I had—only tired."

"Very ill, dear Ninon."

"And what was the matter with me, Mary?"

Mary hesitated for a moment; and then answered quietly—

"It was brain-fever, Ninon.

"Your strength had been overtaxed in many ways, and you gave way at last."

"Did they think I was going to die?" the girl asked solemnly.

"You have been given back to us, my dear," answered Mary tenderly; and silence ensued, during which Ninon lay with her eyes closed, and the tears streaming down her cheeks.

They had thought she was going to die. But she knew that there was something—something—what was it?—that she had to do before she could have died in peace.

It was not about Tiff.

No.

Mary would take care of Tiff.

It was about somebody else. She sighed in weary bewilderment.

"Mary," she said piteously "I should have died if it had not been for that, I do think.

"There was a letter—I was waiting for a letter.

"What was the letter about, Mary?"

"Was it from Mr. Beaufoy, dear?" Mary answered gently; and then it all rushed back upon the poor girl's clouded remembrance.

"Yes—yes!" she said faintly.

"That was it. And it was about Dick! Oh, Mary——"

"Hush, dear, hush!" urged Miss Hawthorn.

"You know that I have orders not to let you excite yourself."

"But I cannot rest until I know about Dick," the girl pleaded.

"Oh, Mary, let me speak about him! Then I will be quiet—indeed I will."

"Dick has sailed again," Mary said then, after an undecided pause.

"He is in Africa by this time.

"His mother heard from him a few days after Mr. Beaufoy left London. He wrote from Madeira."

A deep sob broke from Ninon's pallid lips.

"Ah" she said "Heaven have mercy upon me!

"He will come back!

"He will come back!"

Mary was silent.

"There was some word for me, surely?" Ninon went on, her blue haggard eyes searching her friend's face eagerly.

"Yes, dear Ninon. He bade his mother tell you that he has forgiven you."

"And—and he will come back to me, Mary?"

"My dear, there is a letter for you too," Mary answered gently. "You shall read it later.

"Be content now to know that there is no longer any anger in Dick's heart against you."

* * * * * * *

The snow was on the ground when Ninon was able to go down stairs again into the drawing-room where she had last stood with poor Dick, when he cast her off, and the Indian ring had dropped from her finger and rolled away into the darkness.

Mary and Tiffany had done the best to make the dingy little room look cheerful with flowers and firelight.

The girl stood and looked at herself, as they led her across the room, in the little mirror above the fireplace, and as she stood and looked, her pale lips began to tremble piteously.

"Oh, is that you, Ninon?" she said, with a sad smile at the altered face that looked back at her with such hollow unnaturally large eyes.

"What have you done, you poor girl, with your prettiness, of which you were so proud?"

And then she sank into the arm-chair they had drawn to the fire for her, hiding her eyes in her hands, and burst into a passionate fit of tears.

Mary and Tiffany exchanged a look of distress above the beautiful down-dropped head.

Tiff knelt down by her sister's side and began to tell her that she was sweeter and prettier than ever, with those dear little short rings of hair, and that she must not be a conceited little Ninon and cry for those lovely long black locks of hers, because she, Tiff, had them tied up with her letters, and she meant to keep them for ever and ever.

"Even Mary shall not have one little bit," the child said, blinking away her tears.

"And look, Ninon, at the flowers Brian sent this morning, because he knew you were coming down stairs.

"He is so good; isn't he?

"He has called every day himself to ask about you, and sometimes he came twice a day."

"Indeed," Miss Hawthorn added gently, "Mr. Beaufoy has been a true friend to Ninon, and to us all, in our trouble."

The sisters and Mary spent a nice quiet Christmas together; and then Tiff, bravely choking back her sobs, returned to her school.

Tiffany had decided to devote herself chiefly to her music, for which she had an undoubted gift.

There was a little money that came to her from her mother, enough to defray the expenses of the two years which it had been arranged she was to spend in Dusseldorf.

Originally this was to have been done at Mr. Beaufoy's expense; but Miss Massarene, blushing hotly as she discussed this point with Mary, declared that it was impossible for them to place themselves under any such obligation to that gentleman.

"While Tiff's mother was living it was different perhaps," she said.

"It was at least a matter for her to decide.

"But my sister and I have agreed that we cannot accept money from Mr. Beaufoy.

"There is enough to pay Tiffany's expenses at school, and I shall look out at once for a situation. It was what I ought to have done long ago."

Mary had nothing to urge against the girl's decision, except that she must not be in too great haste to think of working.

Aunt Dorothy was waiting for them both at the cottage, she reminded Ninon cheerfully.

When she had a long rest and had thoroughly recovered her strength, they would all put their heads together, and find something for their pretty Ninon to do.

Ninon blushed painfully when this was mentioned.

She knew that it was impossible that she should ever accept the shelter offered her by Dick's mother.

She said to herself that she would rather starve than cross the door of the cottage again until—until Dick had gone back to Mary.

For surely some day his eyes would be opened, and he would see where his true happiness lay.

Between her and her cousin everything was at an end.

There was no mistaking the tone of his letter.

It had been written deliberately, without passion or bitterness.

He blamed himself for having mistaken Ninon's pity for love, and for having accepted a sacrifice such as he had no right to look for, except from a woman who loved him.

He asked her pardon for much that he had said in the blinding heat of his anger against himself as well as against her; but—there was no appeal possible against his decision.

Ninon felt that it was final.

And, with a sensation of mingled remorse and relief, the girl knew that she was free.

She learned by degrees from Mary that Mr. Beaufoy, with the greatest delicacy and kindness had broken the news of the quarrel and of Dick's disappearance to poor Mrs. Strong.

The mother's anxiety had been terrible until the letter had at last arrived from Dick, full of penitence for the trouble he had caused her and Mary, and declaring that he would not show his face again at home until he could look them both in the eyes like a man, and tell them that he was completely cured of the passion that had so nearly wrecked his life for ever.

But this passage aunt Dorothy had not shown to Miss Hawthorn, though it was astonishing how she had brightened up after the reading of the letter.

She had said that such happiness as she now saw peeping at her out of the dark clouds of division and doubt that had so long saddened their home was worth waiting for a year or two.

And, when Mary had begged to be allowed to go and nurse Ninon, she had kissed the girl and blessed her, and let her go with an easy heart, bidding her assure Ninon of her forgiveness, and of her willingness to welcome her to her home as soon as she was able to travel.

"No, dear Mary," Ninon said, blushing and shaking her head when Miss Hawthorn, after Tiffany's departure, again urged her aunt's invitation upon her; "aunt Dorothy is very good, but I cannot go to the cottage just yet.

"And I must not keep you away from her much longer."

"Indeed you are not going to send me away!" cried Mistress Mary, kissing the pale face.

"Aunt Dorothy has Bevis to take care of her, and I shall not leave my patient until I am quite sure she can get along without me."

"My dear, I am able to walk alone now," said Ninon, with her bright, melancholy smile

"I walked, as you are aware, all round the garden this afternoon without stopping to rest."

"I think you might have let Mr. Beaufoy send the carriage when he offered it so kindly," declared Mary, with some reproach in her voice.

Ninon's blush faded away.

"I must learn to do without carriages," she said coldly.

And then, as Mary looked at her strangely, she forced herself into a smile.

"Come," she said, putting her arms about her and drawing her to the table, "sit

down and help me to compose my advertisement."

"Ninon!" cried Mary.

"It has to be done sooner or later," said Ninon.

"And I have made up my mind what I am going to be."

"Well?" said Mary.

"Not a governess.

"I have not patience enough to teach children.

"But I can chatter French, play the piano and arrange flowers.

"I will be a companion, Mary."

* * * * * *

Miss Musserene's advertisement was duly despatched to the London papers, and the two girls at Marybridge prepared themselves to await the result as patiently as they could.

Ninon had resolved to make herself the simple dressing-garments which she considered suitable to her new position, and Mary, who was very clever with the needle, declared that she would help her; and so the two sat cutting and stitching the greater part of the day.

It was sad to see how faint a trace the poor woman who was gone had left in her little world.

Ninon hardly ever spoke of her, or indeed of anything that was past.

Once or twice, when Miss Hawthorn spoke of her cousins at the Priory and her visit there, she had begged her humbly not to speak of it again.

"I want to forget it all if I can," she said.

"I was mad in those days, I think. I can't bear to recall it now."

And Mary, divining that out of this visit had sprung Dick's cause of quarrel with the beautiful young creature he had so passionately adored, had respected the girl's wishes, and had carefully avoided the subject ever after.

Often and often Ninon, watching Miss Hawthorn's sweet and cheerful ways about the house, her unselfishness, her charming kind face and graceful figure, would say to herself in most unaffected surprise—

"What could poor Dick have seen in me when he had a girl like that to love him?"

And her affection for Mary grew very strong during these few weeks of close companionship.

They saw no one except good Doctor Randal.

Kind Aunt Dorothy was of opinion that it was not quite right for two young ladies to live in that unprotected condition, even in so quiet a place as Marybridge, and would have gone down to give them protection of her presence, if Miss Hawthorn had not seen that the thought of meeting Dick's mother had filled Ninon with vague and shame-stricken apprehension.

Upon which Mary resolved not to risk any delay in her patient's recovery, and took the law into her own shrewd little hands.

"After all we are not two young ladies just now, dear Aunt Dorothy," she wrote; "we are only a sick nurse and her patient; and no one takes any notice of us, I assure you.

"All the fine folk are gone away from the Priory.

"There is only Mr. Beaufoy left; and, though he sometimes calls, it is true, the door is always most scrupulously closed in his face.

Ninon's determined coldness towards her cousin Brian was a source of great surprise to Miss Hawthorn.

Miss Hawthorn had been obliged rather distressfully to hint to the young man one day when she had met him walking on Marybridge road, that she hoped he would not send any more fruit or game from the Priory.

She really could not go on enjoying all these good things, when Ninon, for whom they were obviously meant, and whose delicacy made them highly desirable, refused to partake of them.

She had been obliged too, to explain that Ninon preferred in that cold December weather taking a turn in the garden or along the cheerless country road to accepting the use of one of his carriages, and it would have done her obstinate patient so much good to take a drive every afternoon while the sun shone.

Mary had declared, a little indignantly at last, that, if Ninon would not see her cousin, when he had been so kind as to come and look after them, she would.

"I really think you are a little ungracious, dear Ninon," she said.

"Mr. Beaufoy is most anxious to be kind to you.

"Mr. Beaufoy has always been most irreproachable in his behavior," Ninon answered; but she has turned a little paler than usual.

"Irreproachable!" Mary echoed, with the same petty indignation.

"Ninon, what a horrid accusation to make against him!

"He is no such thing!

"Why are you so hard upon Mr. Beaufoy always?

"Why do you refuse to accept the most ordinary civilities at his hands?"

"Do I?" Ninon asked bitterly.

"Am I not living at this moment rent-free in one of Mr. Beaufoy's houses?

"Have I not accepted, and even demanded, innumerable favors at his hands? I think I have taken a great deal too much, Mary—I who have nothing to give in return for his kindness."

Mary sighed, puzzled.

She had formed a little theory in her own mind that between Brian and Ninon there was being carried on a little game at cross-purposes.

She had always known that Ninon had not loved Dick Strong.

How could she have failed to discover that, loving Dick so truly as she did herself, and since now the worst was over for her poor boy away in Africa, and since Mr. Beaufoy was so anxious to be kind to his beautiful cousin?

But Ninon's persistent bitterness and coldness towards him spoiled all mistress Mary's plot nor could she honestly say to herself that Brian had quite the manner of a lover in spite of his determined endeavors to be of service to the poor girl who, with all her beauty and all the adorers it had brought her, seemed so strangely alone in the world.

"What is it that is keeping these two apart?" Mary wondered, sighing again as she went down-stairs into the drawing-room to receive Mr. Beaufoy.

"For indeed I think they were made for each other.

"Brian would be able to master Ninon, and she needs nothing less in a husband to be happy with him.

"And she would make such a charming mistress for the Priory.

"Somehow I cannot imagine Ninon poor or with shabby surroundings, and yet——"

There was so much behind that "and yet."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT FAIR FOR ME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

EASY, old fellow! Don't knock me down."

"Blount Why, what brings you here at this time of year?"

"To look you up, of course.

"What else could induce me to revisit this old gaol?

"Why didn't you come down to Lancing in October?"

"I was reading," the other replies, glancing at the bundle of books under his arm.

"It was too bad of you, Hereward.

"My mother and the girls were quite hurt at your desertion.

"It is the first time you've spent Michaelmas away from us since you entered College."

"They are very kind," Hereward answers, turning his head away.

"Won't you run down now for a few days?

"Do, like a good fellow. I've got all sorts of messages for you."

"Thanks, no.

"I must work like a black for the next two months."

"But if you go on like this you will end by breaking yourself up."

"No fear of that.

"The only hope for me is to work hard—now."

There is a slight, but, to his friend, very perceptible pause between the last two words.

But he takes no immediate notice.

"You have turned into a regular bookworm; and I remember when you used to hate the sight of cap and gown."

"Perhaps I do so still. But tell me, what are you doing?"

"We have come into barracks, tired to death of autumn manœuvres.

"Do you intend to offer me a cup of tea?"

"I was going to offer you a bottle of Bass."

"But I would rather have tea.

"The girls at home have spoilt me with their tea-drinkings.

"Let us make a cup as we used to make it when you and I were chums together here, last year."

"All right.

"You shall do just as you like, as you always did in our housekeeping.

"You've grown awfully stout, Blount! I don't think you will ever get up to the purely Attic regions where I reside."

"I'll try, at all events," Blount answers, good humoredly, and they cross the quadrangle together.

December sunshine lies all about them, on the long lime avenues where the rooks caw lazily among the bare topmost twigs, on the grassy cloisters, on the many blinking windows.

An intensely blue sky throws out the delicate grays of sunlit towers and pinnacles with ethereal distinctness, every grinning gargoyle, every flying buttress, every fretted spire with its lace-like tracery, looking more like the work of the fairy frost than immutable stone.

Hereward's free rooms are reached by many a winding stair.

Blount is fain to take breath on the fifth landing.

"This is killing!" he exclaims, leaning against the wall for support.

"No danger of your not taking sufficient exercise, at all events.

"But we hadn't half bad times here long ago, Hereward.

"It reminds me so of those old days.

"Do you remember how we used to cheat the old dons?

"And do you remember the day we gave the girls tea up here, and how Nettie rowed you about your untidiness?"

"Yes, I remember it all," Hereward answers.

Then he leads the way into a large low room, with the sunshine coming in through dull red curtains, a carpet considerably the worse for wear, and a very small allowance of furniture, except in so far as the multitudinous pipes of every size and pattern which adorn the high old-fashioned chimney-piece may come under that category.

A chair, with a railway rug thrown over the back, stands in the sunniest of the three little windows, together with a table piled with books.

"No fire on the fifth of December?" said Blount.

"Why, my dear fellow, you must have Esquimaux blood in your veins. How can you stand the cold?"

"I do not stand.

"I roll myself in that rug and light my pipe, and sit in the sunshine when there's any," Hereward replies, putting a fuse to the wood ready laid under the coal in the grate.

"I don't know how my plan will succeed when real hard weather comes; but so far I have found it very jolly."

"I came to-day with a proposal," Blount observes, setting on a very black kettle to boil; "but I will not tell you what it is till we have had tea.

"I hope and trust you won't be so pig-headed as to refuse; but you are, and always were, a horrid fellow to deal with. You never will take a thing in the proper spirit.

"I am sure you always led me the life of a dog with your Quixotic ideas."

Hereward is divesting himself of cap and gown and only laughs.

Blount, stout as he has grown, busies himself in the preparation of tea as actively as if he were a boy, Hereward watching him; but giving him no assistance, except a few amused directions now and then.

"But tell me, Hereward, why didn't you come down to Lancing?"

Hereward is standing in the window, and turns suddenly to look down into the sunny quadrangle; but he does not answer.

"It was too bad of you.

"I missed you awfully, otherwise of course it was great fun.

"But I hope the future holds plenty of jolly days for us both, old boy, just as jolly as any we have spent together."

"Never, for me."

"Oh, come now, Hereward, you are hipped!

"I did not think you were a fellow to give up because a girl had thrown you over. If Nettie had married you, you would have had a miserable time of it.

"I know Nettie better than you do, and, if a fellow could not give her all the dress and sweetstuff she wanted, she would make him wish himself at the bottom of the sea, or worse."

"If she had married me," Hereward repeats, staring down into the quadrangle.

Those were the only words which had impressed him in his friend's well-meant speech.

"Oh, bother, Hereward, let's have no more of this!

"Your wound is only skin deep, old fellow, take my word for it, and before this time next year—ay, long before it—you will wonder how you could have kicked up such a shindy about it."

Blount is carefully filling a brown teapot with boiling water as he speaks.

Hereward still stands in the sunny window, with his hands in the pockets of his rather shabby coat.

He is a tall, dark-complexioned fellow, with deep-set eyes, a large nose, and drooping brown moustache.

Rather a sad face, a face not easily interpreted, unless its owner chose.

And there he stands while Blount sets out the tea-cups—a truly Harlequin set—cuts bread and butter, and finally pours out the tea.

"Come now, do be sociable, old boy, or I shan't pay you another visit in a hurry.

"Have you only got one spoon?"

If there is any hidden banter in the question, Hereward will not see it.

But he does take his place at the table, and pulls the ears of Blount's wiry-haired terrier, who has taken up a commanding position on a chair, whence he can rake the table with his one unswollen eye.

The early winter twilight closes in while they drink tea, and chat and smoke as they used to do in the old days.

The pleasant firelight dances on the old red curtains, on the faded carpet, on the little yellow dog now snoring on the rug, on Blount's jolly face, and Hereward's close cut dark head.

Then Blount mentions the errand on which he has come.

"First and foremost, I must tell you that my mother is third cousin to the present Countess of Kingscourt."

"Well?" Hereward asks, when his friend pauses as if to give his announcement due weight.

"Well, would you go down to Kingscourt to coach Lord Heriot for an army examination?

"Science, you know, trigonometry and all that."

"No, I would not," Hereward answers, sullenly puffing at his pipe.

"But why not?

"You would have the run of that fine old place, and it would do you all the good in the world."

"Nothing would do me any good now," Hereward asserts gloomily.

"Nonsense!" Blount exclaims, giving his terrier an unexpected kick.

"I won't have any more of such folly.

"You would like Kingscourt.

"The Earl is at Homburg, as usual, gambling away the remnant of his fortune, and his family are living very quietly, as it behooves them to live, having neither money or credit left; but it is a grand old place.

"The young fellow wants to get a commission in the Guards, and if you can pull him through the necessary subjects you ought to try."

"I could do it well enough."

"Then you must do it.

"He is as stupid a fellow as ever lived; but perhaps in this instance he may be anxious to get through.

"May I tell the Countess that I have found an Admirable Crichton who will help her white-headed boy into the household troops?"

"I think not."

"But they will make it well worth your while.

"And, in fact, I have promised to send you down, and it would be as much as my life is worth to disappoint her.

"So down you go, if I have to come here myself to pack up your things."

"Who is at Kingscourt now?"

The dawning interest evinced by the question gives Blount some slight hope of prevailing.

But there is no undue display of alacrity in his reply.

"The Countess is there, and of course the Countess's pet physician, Doctor Jones.

"And Lord Heriot is there, and the little chap, the Honorable Everard Pulliser.

"Lady Gladys may be there too, for aught I know; and if she is, so is also her whilom governess, Fraulein Schauffenhoff. So probably is her friend, Miss Middleton."

"I hate a house full of swells.

"Nothing could be more disagreeable to me."

"Because you have lived up here for so many months like a mouse in a hole?

"Now if you had come down to Lancing for the wedding——"

"Yes.

"She had the cruelty—the barbarity—to ask me!" Hereward mutters savagely, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"The fact of her having done so ought to have cured you if anything could!

"But you won't find Kingscourt too gay, I assure you!

"On the contrary, it is most awfully slow! They asked me down for a few days' shooting, but I ran away as fast as I could."

"And yet you want to send me there for a shaking up," Hereward says, with a half smile.

"The change of air and scene will be good for you, and——" Blount was about to add "and the good dinners;" but he substitutes, "and the Countess may use her influence to help you bye-and-bye."

"I want nobody's interest," says Hereward, throwing up his haughty head.

"I don't say she would use it—but she might.

"She is awfully proud, though you may not think so at first.

"You will afterwards.

"However that is beside the question. In earnest, Hereward, I wish you would think it over.

"It would please me so much."

"I would do a good deal to please you, Dick," Hereward answers, holding out his hand.

Blount clasps it across the table, and both are silent for a little while, staring into the fire.

"It would please my mother too, and the girls"—Blount pulls his dog's ears to hide a little awkwardness as he speaks.

"They feel rather remorseful about you, old fellow, though I am sure you know that what happened was no fault of theirs. You cannot blame Nettie more than we all do."

"I do not blame her; I never did. She did what she liked best.

"I would not have kept her—if I could—when she wished to go.

"But she has done for me."

"Not a bit of it.

"You will have got over it before they have got over their honeymoon."

The illustration is an unfortunate one; Hereward winces visibly.

"Not one fellow in a hundred gets through life without a little episode of this kind.

"Don't you remember—

"'Well, Heaven be thanked, my first love failed!
As, Heaven be thanked, our first loves do?'"

"There is no use talking," Hereward remarks curtly.

"No, I suppose not.

"Perhaps I myself shall die of it when I do fall in love."

"I am not dying."

"No.

"But you are not very well. And you must take a prescription.

"As a tonic, I prescribe Bab Middleton."

"Bab Middleton?"

"Yes.

"But not an overdose, or else the cure will be more dangerous than the disease."

Hereward shakes his head incredulously.

"You don't believe me," Blount says, getting up to go.

"Well, I have warned you.

"If you fall in love with Bab Middleton you will never get over it—never. She is that kind of girl."

"I am quite safe.

"But how do you know?"

"I guess."

"What is she like?

"Dark or fair, or neither?"

"Very dark.

"Eyes of faithless hazel, like your own."

"Oh!" Hereward answers, his interest evaporating.

"That's enough!

"You know I hate dark girls."

"You won't hate Bab Middleton."

They have descended the winding stairs, where the gas is already lit, and are standing in the open doorway.

Blount looks at his friend as he buttons up his coat.

"Those musty old books are bad company," he says.

"I wish you would dine with us at the club to-night, Hereward."

"I could not possibly.

"I shall read till day-break, most likely."

"How horrible!

"Well, do make up your mind to go to Kingscourt like a good fellow, and, when you are there, take care of Bab Middleton."

"I think you are sweet on Bab Middleton yourself," Hereward answers.

He is standing directly under the lamp which hangs above the door, on the outside wall, and the light streams full on his uncovered head.

Blount shakes his own vigorously as he walks off into the darkness with a gay "good night."

CHAPTER II.

KINGSCOURT wears "ermine too deep for an earl" when Hereward sees it for the first time.

For Blount's persuasions, renewed day by day, together with various considerations of a mercenary nature which forced themselves upon him whether he would or not, have induced him to accept the proffered post.

He has left the train at Kingsleigh, some three miles from his destination, and is finishing his journey on foot.

They have sent no conveyance from Kingscourt to meet him—perhaps he hardly expected any—but he holds his head a shade higher in consequence, and carries his thin valise with a very high hand.

There is a thick covering of snow on the old stone gateway as he passes under it, shaping itself to the three great arches with grotesque vagueness.

Wide tracts of untrodden snow lie in smooth undulations, faintly intimating the whereabouts of carriage-drive and sunk fences and garden-beds.

The ornamental water lying in a hollow to the left shows only a black expanse of ice, broken in places for the swans, who look anything but white to-day.

The beautiful old red-brick house is itself picked out with icing, like a Christening-cake, every stone mullion and transom, every high-peaked roof, every stack of twisted chimneys, bearing its burden of snow.

The terrace-steps the open work stone balustrades are delicately tipped and touched with downy white, even the dead geraniums in the muffled stone vases assume new beauty from their glittering shrouds.

The blue brown of the distant woods behind the house and the cold clear blue of the sky give color and depth to as fair a winter picture as any one might wish to see.

But Hereward does not care to see it.

Neither his feelings at the present moment, nor his great coat, are such as to make walking in snow or snowy weather desirable.

He marches up to the great door and stares at the devices on the coat-of-arms carved above it while he waits the answer to his almost savage pull at the bell—which is long in coming.

Perhaps from the window of some lower region the "gallant gay domestics" have watched his approach, and are measuring to a nicety a delay equivalent to the shabbiness of his great coat.

Hereward finds himself conducted through a great dim hall, not half-lighted, and as cold as death, to an ante-room scarcely less cold, and there left to await the pleasure of the Countess.

There is no fire in the grate, no vestige of a fire having been there at any period, however remote.

The walls above the high wainscot are hung with tapestry, and the tapestry wavers in invisible draughts of air.

There is not merely the coldness of winter in the room, there is the deadly chilliness of a vault.

Hereward longs for his sunny window and his old bear-skin rug, and perhaps for liberty.

In about half an hour the Countess bethinks herself of him.

He finds her in a small warm room, lined with rich old-fashioned chints, and having comfortable chairs and lounges, also chintz-covered.

The lady leaning back in a small easy-chair directly in front of the fire strikes him as being very wrinkled and yellow, and that is all.

"Mr. Hereward, I believe."

Hereward bows coldly.

"Pray be seated.

"What severe weather, is it not?

"You walked from Kingsleigh?

"How very pleasant to be able to do so! I am such a wretched invalid that I dare not venture out during the winter in this climate."

Hereward finds himself listening to her voice with a strange feeling of pleasure, insomuch that he forgets his grievance.

There is a certain peculiarity in its accent, in its intonation, which he has never observed in any other voice.

But then he has never heard a Countess speak before, very probably.

"I am very sorry my son is out at this moment.

"He took a ride over to Nettlewood after luncheon.

"I have heard very pleasant things about you, from your dear friend Mr. Richard Blount.

"You are a gold medallist, I believe?"

Hereward bows.

"You think you can get my son through the necessary subjects for the terrible examination?"

"If he wishes to get through them."

The Countess takes a good look at her son's tutor from behind her fire-screen.

This is not the tone she is accustomed to hear from her dependants.

The Countess is thin and sallow, with sharp features and heavy bands of black hair.

Hereward had seen all this, and, his curiosity gratified, stares moodily into the fire, while the Countess takes the opportunity to gratify hers, if she can be said to feel any curiosity with regard to this boorish young man.

"I hope Lord Heriot may apply himself," she remarks languidly.

"I am particularly anxious that he should get this commission.

"I wish both my sons to be in the more immediate service of their sovereign. But I will not detain you.

"Will you be good enough to ring?

"Thanks.

"Purcell will take care of you, I am quite sure."

Hereward withdraws from her presence under Purcell's ample wing.

The quarters assigned to him are pleasant ones.

They are probably the least desirable among the guest-chambers at Kingscourt; but to him, contrasted with the dingy little attics in College, the little turret room is jolly enough.

The turret is hexagonal, and there are three windows in the room, small as it is, leaving hardly any space for anything else.

But the view compensates for everything—or, at least, so Hereward thinks.

He stands in the most western of his windows for more than an hour, looking at the dense wall of woodlands opposite.

Here the darkness finds him, and also a servant with lights.

The sound of a gong announces dinner half an hour later, and Hereward, guided either by instinct or his nose, manages to find the dining-room.

He dines this evening with Doctor Jones and Fraulein Shauffenhoff in the room known at Kingscourt as the little dining-room.

The diminutive can only be applied comparatively, for the room is spacious, with a low heavy ceiling divided into square panels, and walls painted a deep dull red, which throws out the richly-framed pictures upon it well.

Crusaders in bronze bear aloft the side-lamps; there are lamps on the table, and yet the sombre apartment is only half lighted.

The Doctor is very friendly.

The Doctor does the honors with a grand air, though the footman does not hurry himself to obey his orders.

The Fraulein is friendly too.

She seemes to suffer very much from the cold, and is wrapped in a thick chenille shawl.

The dinner is good—what there is of it; and Hereward does not trouble himself to talk.

He sits in his place with a very uncommunicative face, and stares at the pictures on the wall opposite to him, merely because it is opposite to him, not because he admires it.

It is a Gainsborough—one of the Kingscourt family, of course.

All the pictures in the room are family portraits, and they are all, with one or two exceptions, the portraits of very ugly people, unless the painters who painted them were guilty of gross injustice.

It is a girl's head, with very fair hair curling round and over the forehead, a small, rather aquiline nose, a pair of cold blue eyes, and a beautiful proud sweet mouth, which almost—but only almost—counteracts the eyes.

She dressed in a square-cut dress of large patterned blue-and-white brocade, and wears a string of pearls round her slender throat.

Hereward thinks, as he meets the gaze of those painted eyes, that he would not greatly care to have been the lover of that pretty girl.

"You admire that picture?" asks Doctor Jones, when he cleared his plate and emptied all his glasses.

"No," Hereward answers, starting. "Why do you think so?"

"Because you have never removed your eyes from it for the last twenty minutes. Do you know who she was?"

"No, I do not. A Pallliser, of course?"

"Yes, by marriage—the grandmother of the present Earl.

"She was a very remarkable person."

Hereward observes a certain mystery in the Doctor's tone, but he will not gratify him by any show of interest.

"She was a very wicked woman!" the Fraulein ejaculates, wrapping her arms in her shawl.

Hereward, being of opinion just now that all women are wicked, does not think the adjective distinctive enough to call forth any remark.

"She was the proudest of all the proud Countesses who ever reigned at Kingscourt," Doctor Jones observes, looking over his shoulder at the picture; "and by all accounts, that is saying a great deal. They do say"—here the doctor lowers his voice—"that she administered poison to a girl whom she thought her son—the then Earl—had an idea of marrying.

"She was a poor girl, the daughter of a miller on the estate.

"Of course the crime was never brought home to her.

"She was too high and mighty a personage for that; but there is very little doubt that she did it."

"Yes," the Fraulein corroborates; "and she is believed to haunt Kingscourt ever since.

"Do you know dat dere is one room in de house where nobody goes—always shut up—a ghost-chamber, in fact?"

"I did not know it before," Hereward answers, smiling.

"I hope it is as far as possible from my quarters."

"Yes, quite at the other side of the house," the Doctor says carelessly.

"But that is all nonsense, of course.

"Only the servants believe it.

"Come, Fraulein we might as well make a move.

"We sit in the library, generally of an evening," he adds, turning to Hereward with the Fraulein, who towers above him by half a head.

Hereward follows them through a heavily-curtained doorway into an adjoining room. It is smaller than the one they have just left, and a better fire lights up the long rows of books which line the walls.

On the rug stands a small slight young man—or boy, for he might be either—in evening dress, who shakes hands with the Fraulein and bows rather awkwardly to Hereward.

This is Lord Heriot.

"My mother told me you had come," he says, resuming his position on the rug. "It is an awful bore, this reading!

"I wish all the books in the world were at the bottom of the sea."

As nobody echoes this enlightened remark, there is an awkward pause.

"You are an awful swell at that kind of thing, I hear."

Lord Heriot addresses Hereward more particularly now.

"Do you think you will be able to pull me through?"

"If you don't pull too hard the other way," Hereward answers, smiling.

"All right, I'll do my best."

"Dick Blount told me you were at College with Standish Cartwright, the fellow who has bought Nettlewood."

"Cartwright the fellow-commoner?"

"Yes; an awfully rich fellow. You know him, of course."

"We were at College together; but that does not necessarily imply acquaintance," Hereward answers, with a certain stiffness of manner.

"Doesn't it? How odd!

"I never was at College, I'm happy to say, so I don't know.

"But Cartwright's father was a pawnbroker, or something of that kind.

"Awful snob, you know, but no end of money.

"Got up an enormous block of a house on the property, and planted acres of young trees.

"It will be a fine place in five or six hundred years, I dare say; but at present it is awfully new.

"I want him to keep a pack of hounds; but I believe he can't keep his seat on horse back!"

And the Viscount, who has often been taken for one of his own jockeys, laughs till his florid face becomes a brick color. He has an extremely boyish face, with fine flaxen hair, insignificant features, and a silly, though not bad, expression of countenance.

"If it thaws, we shall have some hunting before Christmas.

"You ride, of course?"

Hereward acknowledges that he does ride.

But the thought that he depends on others for a mount makes him desperately frigid in the acknowledgment.

"Dick Blount came down for a few partridges, but there is hardly a bird on the place.

"Everything has gone to wreck and ruin. But I must go back to my mother. Good night, Fraulein.

"Doctor I shall see you again." And, with another awkward bow to Hereward, the Viscount departs.

The Fraulein retires early to her own private apartments, the Doctor also leaves the room, and Hereward finds himself all alone.

The silence weighs upon him oppressively.

The embers sink lower and lower, the room begins to grow very chill.

His dress-coat is thinner than it might have been, and there is not much warmth in a white tie.

He begins to think he might as well be in bed as shivering over this dying fire, and, stretching his arms and yawning, he takes up his bedroom candle and sets out on his journey to his own room.

On his way through the dining-room he stops a moment before the Gainsborough.

"Cruel face!" he thinks, meeting the gaze of the cold proud eyes.

"I hate all woman; but a woman with blue eyes most of all."

Then he leaves the painted face to stare in the darkness, and crosses the great hall as the clock in the corridor above strikes twelve.

Hereward is not entirely free from superstition.

What man in any age can make that boast?

Yet, as he turns into the corridor which runs round the hall, he sees a figure approaching with a light in its hand.

With an involuntary start, Hereward recognizes the face—it is the exact counterpart of the Gainsborough in the dining-room! He has hardly made this discovery, when the vision turns down a passage to the left and disappears.

There is no doubt that Hereward feels a momentary thrill of superstitious dread.

But reason soon persuades him that this is not the Countess, who had died a hundred years ago, returned—from what bourne?—but most probably some descendant who has inherited her features, but, it is to be hoped, no other of her characteristics.

Hereward, though he may not have been thinking of any girl in particular, is at least beginning to be aware that there are other girls in the world besides Nottie Cavendish, nee Blount.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

COLLARS.—Buttoning on a collar is cruel work for the nails when the linen is thick and sternly starched, and the button is large, and closely sewed; but here is a way to meet the difficulty—dip the button-hole for ten seconds into water.

ALUM AND FIRE.—Water saturated with alum is recommended as a speedy remedy for extinguishing fires. The proposition is based on the theory that the alum would coat the objects wetted with it, intercept the access of atmospheric oxygen, and thus stay the combustion.

GUNPOWDER ENGINE.—A patent has been issued in Germany for an engine, the piston of which is driven backward and forward by small charges of gunpowder supplied at each end by an automatic arrangement. The ignition is effected by the motion of the piston, which draws in a flame of gas or spirit, the access being regulated by side-valves, which also open outlets for escape of the gases of combustion.

METAL WRITING.—To write on metals, take half a pound of nitric acid and one ounce of muriatic acid. Mix and shake well together, and then it is ready for use. Cover the place you wish to mark with melted beeswax, clear to the metal, with a sharp instrument. Then apply the mixed acids with a feather, carefully filling each letter. Let it remain from one to ten hours, according to the appearance desired; then wash and remove the wax.

NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS.—At the recent Photographic Exhibition in London there was exhibited a new form of lamp for taking portraits at night. Everybody knows what a wonderful light can be obtained by burning a few inches of magnesium wire. In this lamp the same medium is employed, but instead of being consumed in the ordinary way, it is burned in an atmosphere of pure oxygen. The light given is sufficiently intense to allow of a picture being taken in a fraction of a second.

A NEW TELEPHONE.—A contemporary describes the receiver of a new telephone, which is based upon the principle that when an iron wire or rod is magnetized it suffers a slight increase in length with a compensating decrease in cross section. The inventors claim "the construction of a telephonic receiving instrument consisting of a magnetic wire attached to a sonorous disc or plate, and wound with a primary coil connected to a local battery, and with a secondary coil connected to the telephonic line wire, as described." The paper above referred to anticipates very satisfactory results from the new instrument, which even in its crude form, it says, reproduces sounds with remarkable clearness.

Farm and Garden.

CURE FOR IVY-POISONING.—Bathe the parts affected with sweet spirits of nitre. If the blisters be broken, so as to allow the nitre to enter the cuticle, more than a single application is rarely necessary to effect a cure.

SORGHUM.—Sorghum yields well on land too poor to grow corn. This shows that the sorghum derives more from the air, as its sweet juice, largely carbon, would indicate. The soil for sorghum must, however, be in fine tilth, as its small seeds are more impatient of lumps than the larger corn grains.

THE HORSE.—Russia leads the world in the number of its horses, possessing a total of 16,440,000 head. The United States comes second with about 10,155,000 head, and the present fine outlook in horse-breeding indicates that we will eventually stand at the head. In the matter of quality England should, perhaps, be awarded the leading position.

RAPID GROWTH.—Rapid plant growth requires a condition of the soil that will furnish plant-food as fast as the plants can take it up—or, in other words, when we desire to force a crop we must fill the soil with manure to such an extent as will furnish a continuous supply of material so thoroughly decomposed that the soil may be kept filled with atoms of plant-food that have united with both air and water, and thus form molecules that are ready to be absorbed by the plant-roots as fast and as long as needed.

CHICKEN FEATHERS.—The tail and wing feathers of chickens are usually thrown away as worthless, but manufacturers of feather-dusters and other useful articles, pay good prices for them. The following directions how to save and pack for market, may be of service to our readers: 1. Save all the large and small tail-feathers, and those from the first and second joints of the wing. 2. Pick dry and keep clean: lay them straight, and pack in light boxes; do not tie in bundles nor ship in bags or barrels. 3. Keep the tail and wing-feathers separate.

LUMINOUS PAINT.—For making luminous paint this is the receipt: Take oyster shells and clean them with warm water. Put them into the fire for half an hour, and then take them out, cool them, pound them fine, and remove the worthless gray parts. Put the powder into a crucible with alternate layers of sulphur. Close the lid and seal it up with sand made into a stiff paste with beer. After the crucible has been over the fire for an hour, and afterwards cooled, the contents will be found to be white. Sift the powder carefully and mix it with gum-water. This gives a paint that remains luminous for a long time after dark if it is first exposed to daylight.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 7, 1883.

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PHILANTHROPHY.

None more than the well-meaning and true-hearted philanthropist need learn to exercise skilfully his intellectual faculties; none should strive more earnestly to render his perceptions clear, his judgment just, and his convictions as to the merit of those playing upon his sympathies, unwavering. None has more need than he for using cool and sober thoughtfulness before executing the work he wishes and expects to bear desirable fruit for this and the time to come. Indeed, the responsibility of the active philanthropist is very great, for by injudicious movements he is capable of doing a vast amount of harm. He may even lay the foundation for the worst of crime by slight indiscretion in an act meant purely as charity, and the result of a moment's folly may bring sorrow and suffering to hundreds who in some manner are brought into connection with the affair which first appeared as a trifle unworthy of a moment's thought.

To the serious detriment of society and the world in general, millions of money has, by over-sympathetic persons, been squandered on licentious wretches whose every instinct is repulsive and degrading, and who are by nature utterly incapable of harboring a worthy thought for a moment. Far better were it if people could come to understand that the innocence of the dove cannot be transfused into the cruelty of the vulture, nor the plume of the peacock be made to grow upon the raven's body. Far more were it for the world's good if they could see the greater necessity for protection for the innocent than the vain and wasteful attempt to reform the guilty, who have inherited crime, and in whose blood it will flow until the heart has ceased to beat.

Unfortunately philanthrophy has a habit of passing by the misguided and truly deserving ones, who would gratefully accept the hand outstretched to lift them from the entanglement of snares into which their trusted feet have unconsciously wandered, who, if so helped in good faith, would profit by past affliction, and struggle in true earnestness to rise above all impurities. Here is where the philanthropist would do praiseworthy work, and reap his reward in the knowledge that he had in reality turned an erring fellow-being from the darkness to the light in the path of life, and in finding the new course gladly and earnestly pursued.

SANCTUM CHAT.

An enormous quantity of water passes through the roots of plants. An English experimenter has ascertained that for every pound of mineral matter assimilated by a plant an average of two hundred pounds of water is absorbed. At the French Agricultural Observatory it was found that, in rich soil, 727 pounds of water passed through the roots of wheat plants for every grain produced; while in a very poor soil 2,093 pounds passed through the wheat roots for each pound of grain.

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A novel, if not a very practical, way of disposing of the dead, so that the remains will not tend to imperil the existence of the living, has been brought forward by a State doctor. He advises the adoption of solid glass coffins, which, after the introduction of the corpse, are to be closed air-tight with cement. Two holes are in the coffin. Through one of them carbonic acid is forced, and by the other the atmospheric air escapes. When the ordinary air is supposed to be all driven out the holes are closed.

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A movement is on foot in Texas to accomplish what far-seeing men have long urged as an agricultural necessity of the future. It is to put an end to the absorption of small farms into large ones. Smaller farms within the working ability of the average farmer, and more of them, is the reform desired. The farmers of Harrison county, Texas, propose to divide their large plantations into small farms, and to offer them to actual settlers on the instalment plan, believing such action will soon convert idle lands into profitable farms, and fill up the country with thrifty taxpayers.

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A woman was the only passenger in a Montana stage except her baby, whom she wrapped in her fur cloak, leaving herself unprotected from the zero temperature. The driver saw that she was benumbed and would freeze to death unless roused to violent exercise. He dragged her from the coach and left her by the roadside. "Oh, my baby!" she cried. The driver cracked his whip. The stage flew over the snow, with the woman running after. The race was kept up for nearly two miles, when the driver took the mother in again and wrapped his coat round her. He had warmed her blood and saved her life.

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Armed sentries patrol before the tomb of General Garfield day and night, relieved at intervals with the usual formalities of military discipline. "Whenever the officers of the guard are changed," says a Cincinnati paper, "they open the coffin, identify the corpse, and exchange receipts for it. Thus have we put the body of the slain President into a daily morgue and a continuous post-mortem examination, violating all the sanctity of the grave, and forcing the soldiers into this repulsive duty in the name of honoring and guarding the remains. The tomb is violated to protect it from violation."

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The audience which filled the Lexington, Ky., Opera House, the other evening, interrupted the performance with lusty cheers for Gov. Blackburn, who had come late and was about to take his seat in the dress circle. The Governor, naturally pleased at this popular demonstration, remained standing until the applause had ceased, that he might bow his thanks, and then, while all eyes were fixed upon him, a malicious fate interposed, and, without warning, he emitted a sonorous sneeze which shook the windows. Never was there a more amusing anti-climax, and the audience broke into a roar of laughter.

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Some Canadians have invented and patented a machine for cooking by electricity. It consists of a saucepan, or hot plate, so isolated by non-conductors that the bottom forms the positive pole of a current. The other pole is attached to a movable point, which travels over the under surface of the pan in circles sufficiently quickly not to burn a hole through. Some cakes were cooked in the apparatus and eaten by some friends of the inventor's, who are believed to be the first members of the human race who have ever eaten food cooked by the electric spark. One lady declared she tasted the flavor of electricity "quite strong."

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Some idea of the changes of which the kaleidoscope will admit may be got from the following curious calculation: Supposing the instrument to contain twenty small pieces of glass, etc., and that you make ten changes in each minute, it will take the inconceivable space of 462,880,880,576 years and 360 days to go through the immense variety of changes it is capable of producing. Or, if you take only twelve small pieces, and make ten changes in each minute, it will then take 38,264 days, or 91 years to exhaust the possible variations. However exaggerated these statements may appear to some, they are actually the case.

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In Germany the increasing consumption of rice has led various scientists to investigate the question of the relative nutritive value of this article, and other kinds of food —especially potatoes. The conclusion reached is that rice is a very efficient food, while potatoes largely consumed fail to satisfactorily nourish the body, making the muscles weak and the blood watery. One authority estimates that, when equal quantities of the two articles are considered, rice has four times the value of potatoes in really nutritive properties. A further advantage of rice is that its quality is always the same, while great variation in potatoes is caused by the state of the weather during their growth.

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The Congregationalist gives some correspondence that recently took place between a Western home missionary superintendent and a young man just ordained who was looking for a position. He was invited to take charge of a mission field, when he would be assured of a salary of $800 a year. He looked over the field, and seeing that there would be some hard work to do, declined to go. The missionary very properly rebukes this spirit, and tells him plainly that he is not truly called to the ministry. "A young man in any calling in life must be willing to begin at the foot of the ladder if he expects to succeed. And there is no good reason why the clerical calling should be exempt from the wholesome rule.

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We are all of us workers in one way or another, but how many of us are possessed with an earnest desire that the work we put from our hands shall be a thorough, honest, faithful performance that shall fulfil its purpose and withstand the ravages of time? The great difference in labor is not what is done—not in the kind of work we perform, but in the spirit we put into it. From the cleansing of a room to the purification of a government, from the clearing of a forest to the chiseling of a statue, from the humblest work of the hands to the noblest work of heart and brain, it is determined to make it of the best possible quality that places it in the front rank. The work that is performed only for the sake of what it will bring, not for what it will carry forth, is like cloth of shoddy, which may please the eye, but will not wear. It is cheap, flimsy stuff, woven with no nobler purpose than to hold together long enough to be bought and paid for.

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It is much the fashion of persons who ought to know better to talk of the ignorance of the Chinese, and taunt them with it; but persons who do so labor under a very grievous mistake. The Chinese attained a very high state of civilization at a time when the English were clad in skins and burrowed in caves. They became acquainted with the art of printing, the use of the mariner's compass, and the fabrication of gunpowder when the population of Great Britain had not emerged from a state of savagery; and China now possesses a greater body of literature than Europe can show. It is now known by all intelligent people that the empire contains a large and wealthy middle class; that a Chinaman who can neither read nor write is a rarity; that the rights of property are everywhere respected; that education is universal, and that ignorance is reputed a crime; and that, as a Chinese mandarin told the people of this city some time ago, in excellent English, "If, after a rule of three years, the head of the city does not improve his people in morality and intelligence, he cannot be promoted; and, if a school-teacher, during the same period, makes a failure with his pupils, he loses his position."

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If any one complains that most people are selfish, unsympathetic, absorbed in their own pursuits, their own happiness, and their own sorrow, the chances are ten to one that the complainant is conspicuous for the very faults which he condemns. His thoughts are so concentrated on his own concerns that he is impatient because other people think of their concerns, and not his. He is unable to enter into their grief or their joy; when he is wretched, he is amazed and indignant that any one can be happy; when he is happy, he thinks it intolerable that other people should be so oppressed with their own sorrows as not to make merry with him in his gladness. He has so high an estimate of the importance of his own work that he thinks other men ought to spend a large part of their time in watching and admiring it, and he wonders at the selfishness which keeps them close at their own occupation when they ought to be showing their sympathy with his. This absorption in everything that relates to himself is the explanation of the indifference of which he complains. To secure sympathy, we must give as well as take. The country that exports nothing will have no imports; but if it infers that all the rest of the world is in wretched poverty with no mines, and no timber, and no glorious harvests, the inference will be a false one. As soon as a man finds that he is beginning to think that all human hearts are cold, let him suspect himself. When an iceberg floats away from the frozen fields which lie near the pole, it cools the waters into which it drifts, the very Gulf Stream sinks in temperature as soon as the mountain of ice touches it. In a word it is the man that pushes hardest who thinks that everybody is pushing him; it is the man who is resolved to make his way to the front who complains that everybody wants to get in front of him. If people speak to you roughly, take warning; the probability is that you speak roughly to them.

THE UNFAILING CRUSE.

BY S. T.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew:
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving: all its wealth is living grain
Seed, which mildew in the garner, scattered fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?—many wounded round thee moan:
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart as well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving and by serving love will grow.

One More.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

BETTINA and I wanted to go to a party, and had nothing to wear. Of course, we were not literally without any habiliments; but we had worn our dresses so often that we declared we must be known by our clothes.

Bet, otherwise Miss Bettina Clifford, was my—to wit, Olive Stanton — cousin, her mother being my father's sister.

My mother had died when I was a child, and my father had been killed a few years later in a railway accident.

So I lived with my Aunt Mary, who was like a mother to me.

My father had not been well off; but after his death some friends of his had exerted themselves in my behalf, and the railway company had been compelled to pay a big sum.

This, together with what was coming to me by his will, was under the control of his executor, an old and valued friend of his, who allowed me the interest to live on until I came of age.

My aunt would not charge anything for taking care of me.

This, then, was briefly my history up to the present date, when I had just entered my eighteenth year.

My cousin Bettina, or Bet, as her immediate home-friends called her, was one year younger.

This grand party to which we all had been invited was to be a very fine affair, and we were desirous to shine as brightly as any of our friends; but funds were at a low ebb just then.

I had spent nearly all my quarter's allowance, and my aunt said that she had only enough for housekeeping needs; for she was particular to have no bills with tradesmen, but to pay ready money for everything.

Bet had never been to such a "grown up" party before, and therefore wished to appear as elegant as possible.

She wandered from place to place this fine morning, where aunty, she, and myself were gathered around a cosy fire in our morning-room, where none but the most intimate of our friends had the privilege of entering.

At last she threw herself on a low stool at Aunt Mary's feet, as she sat sewing and looking worried, I thought.

"Oh, mammy, I wish I had a rich uncle in India to send me a nice dress!"

Aunty started, looked at Bet, and then said, "I have never looked through that large trunk which was sent after Aunt Bettina's death; possibly there may be a dress in it; she had handsome clothes; but I felt so annoyed at its coming without a line from anyone but the lawyer, who said she had requested it should be sent here, that except to just open the lid one day, I have never seen the inside."

"What did you see, mother—on the top, I mean."

"Several linen sheets and pillow-cases, I believe.

"I suppose it is rather foolish, but I have always disliked handling dead people's things.

"However, if you like, you and Olive may see what is in it."

Bet and I started off for the room where the trunk was kept; but aunty said it was too cold up there, and sent the servant to bring it down to the room where we were seated.

It had been in the house six years, stowed away in a room kept for trunks and unused furniture.

As aunty had surmised, the top layer consisted of several linen sheets and pillow-cases, a quilt of linen, wadded, and with a large peacock in the middle, all outlined and stitched by hand, with a border of grapes and leaves; it was yellow with age, but the work was lovely.

Aunt Mary's eyes were filled with tears as she looked at it, and said softly, "I remember seeing Aunt Bettina making that when I was a child, staying at my grandfather's.

"She was going to be married."

"Why, mother, I thought she was quite an old maid.

"So she was; but she might have married several times, and once was engaged and most of her wedding outfit purchased, when, to the great astonishment of everyone, the match was broken off—she never would say why.

"Her parents were very angry, and my mother accused her of being heartless; but I never could think that.

"He was a handsome man, and very wealthy then; but he afterwards squandered away nearly all his fortune, and became very dissipated.

"I never thought that he was worthy of her."

My aunt's remarks, had made Bet and myself pause in our researches; but we began again, another quilt, then we spied an unmistakable dress.

Bet gave a shriek of delight, and brought forth a pretty India mull, with embroidery in tambour work; a rather scant petticoat, with a trained skirt listened to the back breadths, short waist, and leg-of-mutton sleeves.

That was laid down, and a fine hair-stripe, blue and white silk, next came to light.

Aunty looked it over, counted the numberless breadths, then examined the large sleeves, and then, smiling back at Bet, said in her tender voice, "Yes, this will make a dress for you, pet."

I began to feel depressed.

Was nothing to be found for me?

Next a brown satin, also a very full skirt, but waist and sleeves frayed hopelessly, and skirt rather spotted in places with yellow.

But Bet did not see either frays or spots; she seized on it at once for "mammy:" just the thing, and trimmed with Spanish lace. Aunty looked doubtful and said, "Go on. Where is Olive's dress?"

Two pairs of white gloves, a large painted fan, with handsomely carved ivory sticks and little spangles of silver sewed around the edge.

Bet seized it, but aunty smilingly took it. "That is mine," she said.

Truly it was a beauty.

"Oh, mammy, here is the very dress!"

There it was, a green, stiff brocade, and very little worn, with full skirt, round waist and tight sleeves, the waist cut square; and underneath was another, a kind of peacock blue, with narrow stripes of brocaded flowers, long square tabs at the back and front of the square-cut waist, and a train at the back.

We at once said that aunty must wear one of these.

She smiled, and asked if that were all. Bet lifted a paper, and there was a yellow satin.

"These were my grandmother's dresses," said aunty.

"I remember she had a big satin bonnet to wear with that dress, with a huge crown, flaring front, and a huge bunch of flowers on top.

"She wore her hair parted on one side, and laid in flat curls."

Again I turned to the now nearly empty trunk.

A few books, some fine linen handkerchiefs about the size of a cradle sheet, some lace wrapped in paper, a pair of pointed-toed, high-heeled satin slippers, the heels colored red, a large brown and white parasol, with deep fringe, and a handle that doubled up.

Well, there were no more dresses, and I looked rather blankly at aunty.

She turned over the things again, and said something might be done with the embroidered muslin; so my spirits went up half a degree.

Then Bet wanted to see how the blue silk would look, and proceeded to array herself in it, and prance round like a peacock.

I groaned, and said I should wear a bedquilt, and one of the veils.

Bet thought the brown satin might do as mammy would have a brocade.

"And brown satin is so much younger!" I said, not in the best of temper; for Bet's silk was very pretty and becoming to her.

"The brown satin for a skirt, with the embroidered muslin made into an overdress, and trimmed with pink ribbons and broad sash, it won't look very old," said aunty.

It was not what I wanted, but, at all events, I had not worn it before.

"I'll try it," said I rather ruefully; and took it up, giving it a great shake.

Something fell to the floor out of the pocket with a thud.

I picked it up; it was a thick package, addressed to "Mrs. Mary Clifford."

I handed it to aunt, and then Bet and I watched with consuming curiosity as she opened it.

Another envelope fell out, addressed also to my aunt in the same prim hand.

"Oh, mother, may I open this while you read the other?"

Aunty consented, and Bet tore it open, unfolded a paper inside, and breathlessly counted a hundred and fifty pounds in Bank of England notes.

Her exclamation drew aunt's attention, and to our great surprise burst right out into tears.

"Poor Aunt Bettina!" she said. "Her property all went to a cousin on her father's side at her death, and she must have saved this from her income for me.

"No wonder some people thought her close!"

But we were all anxious to hear the letter, and aunt read it aloud, interrupted many times as she read by her emotion.

The first part was dated some years before Aunt Bettina's death.

It was rather faded, the paper yellow with age, and showing the traces of where tears had fallen on it.

"MY DEAR NIECE,—

"To you who have always given to me your loving trust and silent sympathy, I feel that I must disclose what even to my own parents I would not utter, nor indeed could I even yet speak of what was really so great a grief to me, though so few believed that I felt at all.

"You, however, seem always to have faith in me, and so to you I turn for the sympathy, which, after all, you will not be able to show, since this will not be read by you until I am laid in the grave.

"You have, of course, heard of my engagement to Charles Wentworth.

"I think I almost worshipped him, and your grand-parents said they knew no man who would so well have pleased them for a husband for me.

"For a time I was very happy.

"Sunshine flooded everything.

"Then a little cloud arose on the horizon; but I shut my eyes—I would not see it.

"Preparations were going on for our approaching marriage; my mother attended to the stocking of household linen, but I had *carte blanche* for my *trousseau*.

"The day approached nearer and nearer, and the more nearly the time came the larger grew the cloud.

"It was nothing that seemed tangible—nothing I could speak of to my mother.

"Charlie's visits were as frequent as ever, and his love seemed to grow more and more passionate.

"But it was just that; it was so passionate that I almost feared him, and yet there was no tenderness.

"My dear, I think you will understand me; his kisses were frequent—intemperate. I at last told him, for the old caressing manner was gone, and instead a freedom of look and sometimes speech which offended me.

"I noticed also a wildness in his eyes at times, and then a lethargic, strange manner, as if he were only half conscious of of what he was doing.

"I never could perceive any smell of alcohol, and was unable to understand him. I noticed also that what he said one evening he would forget all about the next. In time I began to fairly dread his visits, though, strange to say, I loved him as well as ever, and continually made excuses for him to myself.

"But at last the end came.

"One evening, when I was expecting him, I was in the drawing-room where we generally sat together, and had formerly played chess or made pleasant plans for the future. I was doing some embroidery, and finding I had not all my materials, I went up to my room to get them.

"As I was coming down stairs, I heard a ring at the door-bell, and, going back, I stood hidden in a recess waiting for the visitor to be shown in.

"When the door was opened it proved to be Charlie, and I was about to come forward when I saw him place his arm around Ellen, our parlor maid; then he took her in his arms and repeatedly kissed her, she seeming to receive his embraces as if it were an ordinary thing.

"And I heard him say, 'One more kiss before I go to the vestal virgin, my little darling.'

"Then she opened the door and he went into the room where he expected to find me, his affianced bride.

"I was mad; I felt an insane wish to go and kill them both. Ellen was a pretty girl, and I had given her lots of things. At that moment she had on one of the dresses I had given her.

"At first all seemed a whirl in my brain; then, catching sight of my desk, I opened it, and sitting down, wrote a short note:—

"'Miss Bettina Clifford begs to decline receiving any more visits from Mr. Charles Wentworth, and wishes him to understand that the matrimonial engagement between them is at an end. Miss Clifford will send a box to Mr. Wentworth containing his presents.'

"I wrote quickly, but I remember the words as if they were written an hour ago. Then I hastily put his few presents to me in a box; it was not the fashion then to make as many very expensive presents as it is now.

"It was a sore trial to take off the ring put on with so many loving words. Then I rang the bell, and ordered the servant to be sent up to me.

"I gave him the box, and told him to leave it at Mr. Wentworth's house. He stared, but was too well trained for words. Then I locked my door, and in answer to the summons which I had so long been expecting to go down to Mr. Wentworth, I said I had a violent headache, and could not see him.

"My mother came up at once, but could get nothing from me except that my head ached too badly for me to go down.

"The next morning, after a sleepless night, I told my parents that my engagement was over.

"I cannot, dear niece, tell you of their anger, or the overwhelming misery of the succeeding days, weeks, and months—aye, of the years that have rolled on one after another, and still that love will not die. My reason tells me that I would have been a wretched, neglected wife, but my heart rebels, and I have never been able to love or trust another, and I would not marry without love.

"I was blamed by all for my lover's subsequent conduct, and my mother even told me that my fickle conduct had made a vicious man of one who had always borne an unsullied name.

"I have never told her, nor anyone else, my reason.

"Neither Charles nor the girl ever knew from me that I was a witness that evening, or heard how he had spoken of me to my servant; but I could not bear to have Ellen do anything for me, and I think she soon saw my dislike, and perhaps suspected the reason, so she gave my mother warning. It was a relief to me when she left."

Here the letter broke off, and the next part was written a few weeks before her death, and was probably tucked in the pocket of her dress and forgotten:

"I have gathered some few of my clothes and my mother's which are left to me, and I want you to make use of them for yourself or little Bettina.

"The money I have saved from year to year from my income, for, as you know, the whole of the estate goes to a cousin, by the will of my grandfather. It will help you, I hope, in your expenses, as your little girl grows to womanhood.

"I have written my history to you, dear niece, partly that if she should ever meet with my sad experience, you may not treat her harshly.

"I know I was right, but it was very hard to have my own mother believe that I was wrong.

"I have lately heard of the death of Charles, and the old love of my youth has again surged up in my withered heart. I know now, also, that his strange conduct was due to opium.

"I shall have my maid pack that large old chest with all I think you would like.

"Bless you, my dear niece, and keep you and all those whom you love from evil of every kind!

"Tenderly and truly your loving aunt,
"BETTINA."

That was all—just a few yellow sheets of paper. We were all saddened, and it was not until afternoon that Bet referred again to the dresses.

Bet's was already settled, and after much persuasion aunty consented to wear one of the brocades, and the handsome Spanish lace covered up all frays on the waist when converted into a bolero by Bet's skilful fingers.

And so we all went to the ball, and Bet and I danced to our heart's content.

Yet ever and anon I thought of poor old Aunt Bettina; and sometimes, when I saw Aunt Mary looking pensively down at her handsome dress, I knew that her thoughts were far away from the present scene of festivity, and that the life that was lived and the love that was loved before either Bet or myself was born, was present with her; and I began to realise that night what my after-life has more certainly taught me, that not even the nearest and dearest of friends can guess the under-current of thought and feeling which goes on beneath the surface of society conversation, or the ordinary outside every-day life of those we are daily brought into contact with.

Aunty placed some money in the bank for, as she said, Bet's marriage portion, and with the rest we three went for a month to the beautiful village in Hampshire, where we enjoyed the brilliant foliage of the October trees, Bet and I pressing books full of leaves and ferns while my aunt sketched.

Presently we were joined for Saturdays and Sundays by my schoolboy cousin, who, after hearing Aunt Bettina's letter, and our description of the contents of the old trunk, wanted to know if he couldn't have the other brocade for a dressing-gown, as "all the fellows would think it rather a swell thing."

Saved from Himself.

BY HENRY FRITH.

A BEAUTIFUL garden, full of rare flowers, and a girl as rarely beautiful as they.

But to-day Eunice Ray's lovely face wears a cloud, and the calm depths of her blue eyes are troubled; for she is waiting for her lover, and she knows that the coming hour must decide for weal or woe her whole future life.

Three years before, by her dying mother's side (then only a girl of fifteen), she had promised solemnly never to wed one was addicted to intemperate habits.

When six months ago she had met Claude Erle he had seemed everything that was noble.

The more she had seen of him the more her heart had instinctively gone out to him, and at length when he had asked for the precious boon of her hand in marriage she had given him without hesitation the answer he craved.

For a while the course of their wooing had run in the smoothest, most blissful of channels; but lately a shadow had come over the brilliancy of Eunice's happy love-dream.

For some time reports had been brought to her ears of her lover's gradually growing dissipation.

At first with an indignant scorn she had refused to believe; but too soon she had been forced to the conviction that what she had heard had some foundation in truth.

A step came up the path to where Eunice sat.

"Ah, here she is! My little queen in the midst of her subjects."

Claude dropped, as he spoke, a handful of fragrant blossoms in her lap, and then seated himself by her side.

Then, for the first time, he noticed the

troubled expression her face wore, and attributing it to some trivial cause, which his presence would soon comfort, began lightly to question her.

For a few moments the girl hesitated.

As she gazed up into his handsome, laughing eyes, she shrank from speaking words which might drive him in anger from her side, and separate her for all time from him.

She loved with an intensity such as a nature like hers could feel but once.

But at length she began in a low voice, which gathered firmness as she went on.

First she told him of her solemnly uttered vow to her dying parent, and then of what she had heard concerning his intemperate habits.

A dark flush of anger sprang to Claude's face as he rose to his feet, exclaiming, "I will not say that what you have heard is false—I will not tell an untruth—but what matters it if in the society of jovial friends I have once in a while overstepped the bounds of sobriety?

"Eunice, I thought that you loved me, but I see I was mistaken."

Eunice's face grew very pale as she listened to the torrent of passionate words his wounded pride had dictated.

She laid her soft hand upon his arm pleadingly.

"I feared you would be angry, but I was forced to speak as I did.

"Oh, Claude," she went on, "only promise me that——"

He flung off her hand with a scornful laugh.

"Such lukewarm love as yours will not suffice for me!" he exclaimed.

Without further words he strode away.

Hidden as she was by the screening foliage, Eunice had no need to fear prying eyes.

With a pathetic cry she covered her face with her slender fingers and sank upon the ground.

"Oh, mother," she murmured, "I have obeyed your wishes, but I have broken my own heart!"

The following day Claude Erle left the village.

Three years rolled away, years which had sadly changed the tenor of Eunice Ray's life.

Her loving father, stricken suddenly down in the prime of his life, had died, leaving his young daughter alone in the wide world, and not only alone, but very poor.

Too proud to be dependent upon or pitied by her friends, Eunice had left the home where she had been born and which she had loved so well.

After a time she succeeded in obtaining employment through turning to use her facility in the dainty art of designing.

Her lovely, refined face and lady-like, unassuming ways soon attracted the interested notice of her employer: and what he learned upon inquiry concerning her only increased that interest.

Mr. Grey and his worthy wife lived all alone in a stately home.

They were noted for their benevolent eccentricities, and as such their step was set down to be by their friends when they asked Eunice Ray to make her home with them.

She had been with her kind friends about a year when, one evening, Mr. Grey said, as he rose from the dinner table—

"Wife, I would like you and Miss Ray to be ready in a couple of hours to accompany me to a lecture.

"I am acquainted with the lecturer, and in him intemperance has a strong adversary."

Eunice had expected to see a gentleman somewhat advanced in years.

But instead, a tall, slight, youthful figure stood upon the platform.

With an uncontrolable start, the girl recognized in the lecturer, whose rich, eloquent tones were already enchanting the attention of that large, cultivated audience, the lover who had gone from her in anger four years ago.

When it was over, Eunice found that though she had not met his glance, Claude had seen and recognized her.

After a cordial hand-shake from Mr. Grey and his wife, Claude turned to their young companion, exclaiming—

"This is truly a most delightful surprise!

"I did not expect to meet an old friend here to-night.

"Miss Ray, if you will permit me, I would like very much to accompany you home.

"There is no enjoyment so great as talking over bygone days."

That evening Mr. Grey's drawing-room witnessed a scene of happy reunion as, unrebuked, Claude clasped his recovered treasure to his heart.

"Eunice," he said, after a while, "the anger with which I left your presence was short-lived.

"When it calmed I thought over your words.

"Though they wounded my pride, I could not help but see that they were only just and right.

"I determined then to do as you had asked me.

"But until time had proved the reality of my reformation, I would not return to you.

"When I returned to your home to plead for my old position in your love and esteem, I found you gone—where I could not learn.

"But, my darling, we will think of the sorrowful past no more; but of the bright future in which we may live together!"

Eunice did not reply in words; but her little hand sought and found its refuge in his clasp.

At Seventeen.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

THE tall scarlet dahlias nodded in the September breeze, and the late blooming roses flung a subtle perfume on the air at Cedar Lodge, while in the great drawing-room the tide of argument raged hotly.

And all about little Myrtle Wilson.

Myrtle herself sat in the corner, her hands clasped so tightly that the rings cut into the flesh, her cheeks varying from pale to pink, and then back again, while her large, startled eyes turned from one to the other of the disputants.

Major Brabazon, with his coat buttoned tight across his chest, sat up very straight in the armchair in front of the table.

"I say it's all nonsense about sending the child to boarding-school," he said.

"She can play "Annie Laurie," and the "Wearing of the Green."

"And she worked me a pair of slippers.

"Isn't that enough accomplishment for any girl?"

Miss Dorothea Brabazon nodded her cap-strings vehemently as she struck into the discussion.

"And I say she shall go to boarding-school," declared this ancient lady.

"Nobody's education can be properly finished until they have been to boarding-school.

"I went myself when I was eighteen."

"Hmuph!" said the major, who had never been taught properly to appreciate his elderly sister.

"And do you suppose yourself to be a model woman, eh?"

Miss Dorothea tossed her head, but thought it best to ignore the query.

"I will leave it to Mr. Julian," said she.

"Well, agreed," said the major; "we'll leave it to Mr. Julian."

And Henry Julian, the third guardian of Myrtle, who had sat quietly pulling the ears of a silky King Charles Spaniel all this time, looked up, with the least suspicion of a smile at the corner of his mouth.

He had not been exactly pleased when he first learned that old Judge Wilson had nominated him as one of Myrtle's guardians at his death.

"I know little about girls," he said crisply.

"But, of course, the Brabazons will look after her—is she not their own niece?"

But Major Brabazon and Dorothea, his maiden sister, had never agreed on any subject yet, and Myrtle was no exception to their general rule.

And at last the contest between them waxed so fierce that Mr. Julian was called on to throw his decisive vote into the scale.

"To be or not to be—a school-girl," said he.

"What does Miss Myrtle herself say?"

Myrtle was silent, coloring deeper than ever.

"She agrees with me!" cried the major triumphantly.

"She would rather have a governess at home."

"I have governesses!" flashed out Myrtle.

"There!" said Miss Dorothea.

"And I can't endure the idea of school," added Myrtle, bursting into tears.

"Eh?" said the major.

"I don't see why I am to be bothered so," sobbed Myrtle.

"Other girls have a little peace, and why shouldn't I?

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!

"I wish I could go for a gipsy, or be a Daughter of the Regiment, or go down in a coal mine, like Joan in the novel, or ——"

"Myrtle Wilson, are you crazy?" said Miss Dorothea severely.

"Bless my soul!" said the major, breathing very short, and staring as if his eyes would burst out of his head.

"I am afraid my sister is right.

"Myrtle needs a good strict course of boarding-school.

"I and Dorothea have spoiled the child."

"Speak for yourself, brother," said the old lady acidly.

"Yes, of course, she must go to boarding-school."

Myrtle had dried her tears now.

She was looking curiously at Mr. Julian.

Would he not interfere in her behalf?

Would he allow her to be exiled thus in spite of herself?

"Then," he said slowly, "it is unnecessary for me to say anything.

"The matter may be considered as settled.

"A majority vote has cast in favor of the school project."

"I'm afraid so," and "Oh, certainly," uttered the major and his sister, in one breath, and Myrtle got up and run out of the room.

"A pretty little child," said Mr. Julian, laughing.

"But a spoiled one, I'm afraid," sighed Major Brabazon.

"A sadly thoughtless creature," remarked Miss Dorothea, shaking her head.

"But now that you are here, Mr. Julian, you will finish out the matter with us."

And Mr. Julian, who liked the great linden trees of Brabazon Court, the sweet breath of the Noisette roses, and the atmosphere of sleepy, golden balm that surrounded its wide verandahs, assented without more persuasion.

Major Brabazon rode to the nearest town, and bought Myrtle a big trunk and turquoise locket, Miss Dorothea set herself to work to prepare her niece's wardrobe properly for Madame de Parega's fashionable establishment, and Harry Julian endeavored by argument, coaxing, and adjurations, to reconcile Myrtle to the prospect.

"You'll like it when once you are there," said he.

"I am quite sure that you will."

"How do you know that I shall?" pouted Myrtle.

"I'm quite sure that I shan't."

"You will have the society of other girls of your own age," he reasoned.

"I hate girls!" she said.

"Cross, envious, backbiting things, with not an idea beyond lawn-tennis and crewel-work."

"You will be gaining an education."

"But what is the use of education?" persisted obstinate Myrtle.

"I couldn't chalk out a career for myself, like a man, if I had ever so good an education.

"All I could do would be to sit at home with folded hands, waiting for some young man to be good enough to ask me to marry him."

Mr. Julian could not help laughing.

"Myrtle," said he, "you are a strange little girl."

"Yes, I suppose I am," she said, "or else I should be delighted at the prospect of boarding-school.

"Two hundred dollars, payable in advance.

"I don't believe Madame de Parega is worth it.

"Oh, if uncle Barney would only let me have two hundred dollars to build a yatch to sail on Clear River, or to buy Red Roderick, the roan hunter, that old Mr. Sedley will have to sell at auction next week."

"I don't think that if I were you I would dwell on these things," said Mr. Julian, repressing a smile.

"A young lady——"

"There it is!" sharply interrupted Myrtle.

"A young lady!

"Oh why didn't Providence make me something else?

"I would almost have been satisfied to be a plough-boy.

"Plough-boys don't have to go to boarding school."

Julian looked earnestly at her.

He was trying to share uncle Brabazon's original opinion that it was almost a pity to cramp such a regal nature into the orthodox world of any "Establishment for Young Ladies."

Myrtle was odd, strange, abrupt, but she was original.

And he missed her when at last she was sent away, sobbing as if her heart would break, with the big trunk packed full of dresses, frills, French boots and lace collarettes, and the pretty turquoise locket at her throat.

"It's too bad to break that affectionate little heart of hers," he said.

"But she must be educated, you know," argued Major Brabazon.

"And she was really getting beyond my control," added Miss Dorothea regretfully.

Harry Julian stayed, as he had promised, for the fishing.

But it was dismally lonely after Myrtle was gone.

It had never seemed possible to him that he could so miss a child like that.

Seventeen, did Miss Dorothea say?

No, it never could be possible that Myrtle could be seventeen.

Before the stipulated month of his visit was out, however, Myrtle came home—walked most unexpectedly into the red-curtained dining-room, one windy, tempestuous November night, her French kid boots all burst out, the hem of her blue foulard gown in tatters, her curls tangled, and a resolute glitter in her eyes.

"I've run away!

"I've come back home on foot, and I'd sooner die than go back again!" said Myrtle.

"But why do you all look so pale and troubled?

"What is in that letter? Why are you not glad to see me?"

And she threw herself, white and terrified, in her aunt's arms.

"My dear—my dear," said the good old soul, who was shaking like a leaf, "you have flung away your last chance—an education that might fit you to be a governess.

"This letter is from the lawyer in New York.

"Those mine investments have turned out the merest bubble.

"You are as poor as the waitress in the kitchen.

"Oh, Myrtle, Myrtle! and to think of the two hundred dollars that you have wasted by this mad freak!"

Myrtle had rallied herself by this time.

Still and pale, she stood looking at the faces of her guardians.

"Shall I go back?" she asked, in a strange, repressed tone.

"Shall I ask Madame de Parega's pardon?

"Oh, aunt Dorothea, I will, if you tell me to.

"I don't mind being poor myself; but I must learn to earn a little money to support you and uncle Barney.

"Mr. Julian—Mr. Julian, tell me what I am to do!"

And she fainted in aunt Dorothea's arms.

"Poor thing!" said aunt Dorothea, "she is tired out.

"Walked all the way.

"And to hear such news as this at the end of it!

"My poor Myrtle—poor, petted, spoiled child!

"Tell me, Mr. Julian, is there nothing left of Judge Wilson's fortune?"

And Mr. Julian answered, with knitted brows and compressed lips—

"Nothing!"

The sullen, gray dawn of the chill autumn morning had scarcely penetrated the crimson curtains of the snug breakfast-parlor the next morning, when Myrtle crept softly in.

Mr. Julian, sitting at a desk full of papers—strict economy was now the order of the day at Cedar Lodge, and the library fire was interdicted—glanced gravely up.

"Myrtle!" he said.

"My poor child!"

But Myrtle was calm now, and composed.

"Please don't pity me, Mr. Julian," said she.

"I—I begin to think I have deserved it all!

"But advise me.

"Do you think Madame de Parega will receive me again, after I have set her authority at naught?

"Or would it be better for me to learn telegraphy, or shorthand writing, or some of those trades by which I can support myself and the dear old uncle and aunt who have been all and all to me so long. I am not an heiress any longer. I must be a working-woman now."

"Come here, Myrtle," said Harry Julian, with a strong quiver in his voice.

"Little Myrtle, don't look so white and frightened.

"I am a rich man.

"I have money enough to make up your losses half-a-dozen times over.

"I would have done so without a word to you, if Miss Brabazon had not spoken out so unadvisedly.

"And I would lay it all at your feet, sooner than that you should suffer a single pang of grief like this."

"It is very kind of you," said Myrtle coldly.

"But of course I could accept it at your hands."

"Will you let me finish?" said Julian, with a certain arbitrariness which Myrtle did not dislike.

"Will you let me speak out all that is in my heart?

"Will you let me tell you that I love you dearly, and have long determined, if it were possible, to win you—to make you my wife?"

Myrtle colored—an intense glow of happiness came into her eyes, and then the long lashes drooped.

"But I am only an ignorant novice," said she.

"And I am poor, and have no longer any fortune."

"All the same," he answered, taking both her hands, "I want you.

"No woman in all the world can ever be to me what you are—my Myrtle, my heart's queen!"

"Yes," she answered softly; "your Myrtle!"

"And you love me?"

"Yes."

And Harry Julian fondly kissed the upturned face.

So Madame de Parega, who wrote a scandalized letter to Cedar Lodge concerning Miss Wilson's many shortcomings and backslidings, never got her truant pupil back again.

And pretty Myrtle lost one fortune only to gain another.

Major Brabazon was delighted, and so was Miss Dorothea.

"Only," she said, "it does seem that Myrtle is such a child!"

"Never you mind," said the major, chuckling.

"Because you weren't married at seventeen, it doesn't follow that nobody else can be."

And Miss Dorothea was silenced by this unanswerable argument.

SPEED OF STEAMSHIPS.—A Texan has received letters patent from the United States and from Great Britain upon an invention of his own, which he claims will revolutionize the present mode of propelling steamships, and increase their speed one-third to one-half their present running time. The invention consists of the attachment of a second and third wheel, or "propeller," to a vessel so that it will have three instead of the single one now in use upon all steamships which run across the oceans of the world. He calls them "The Tandem Propellers," consisting of a pair of propelling screws, each upon an independent shaft located upon each side of the vessel and propellers, far enough apart so as not to interfere with the action of one another.

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'IT WAS THE CAT.'

When aroused from soul-ful slumber
By some noisy disturbation,
[illegible]
"Thunder-ation, what was that?"
At first you're all confusion,
Then you think it a delusion,
Then you come to the conclusion
That it must have been the cat.

When a father, overhearing
A farewell in terms endearing
'Twixt a young man disappearing
And his daughter, thinks it pat
To demand an explanation
Of that sort of like oscillation,
She replies, with hesitation,
That it must have been the cat.

When, at mid-night, sounds appalling,
Like the noise of someone falling,
And a voice of anguish calling
Makes your heart go pit-a-pat,
You're sure it's burglars breaking
In your door, and you lie quaking,
And shivering and shaking,
When it only is the cat.

[illegible]

Facetiæ.

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Places of interest—Pawn-shops.

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A pair of slippers—Orange and banana skins

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Cards are the devil's books. By all means then let us cut them.

Never write the word "this" backwards. It will be "siht" you'd

A yacht may be said to have a poor crew when she has not a centre-board.

THE mind depends very largely for its health on bodily conditions. The gloomy fears, the despairing views, the weariness of soul that many complain of would often disappear were the blood made pure and healthy before reaching the delicate vessels of the brain. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood; and thus conduces to health of body and sanity of mind.

When is a vegetable not a vegetable? When it is what you cauliflower.

Some people are so lazy that they wait for a hurricane to come and blow potatoes out of the ground.

Two things man is tenacious of—his character and money, but if either must go, it is seldom the latter.

A lawyer is not anything like as great a curiosity as the champion thin man, but it costs more to see him.

Wealth may not bring happiness, perhaps, but it manages to make appearances agreeably deceptive.

The trump is not, as a general thing, wealthy, but he can afford to spend his summer in the country.

A man who had seven buckshot taken from his head, remarked that quite a load was taken off his mind

A little child of seven or eight said that when the Bible speaks of "children's children" it must mean dolls

If a man could but take his troubles as easily as other people take them, what a very happy world this would be!

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I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife, who was always doctoring, and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some, I concluded to be humbugged again; and I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters my wife was cured, and she has remained so for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging. R. T., St. Paul.—*Pioneer Press.*

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form a battery, and the light is ready. The pressure on a little knob produces an electric current by which the spiral of platinum is heated to incandescence. The Portable Electric Light Co[illegible] incorporated, with a capital of $[illegible], under the laws of Massachusetts. The usefulness of the apparatus and the low price ($5) will no doubt result in its general adoption. Some of the prominent business [illegible] electrified with the electric [illegible] use as a lighter, the apparatus [illegible] with a battery of [illegible] and galvanic battery.—*Boston Transcript*, December 5.

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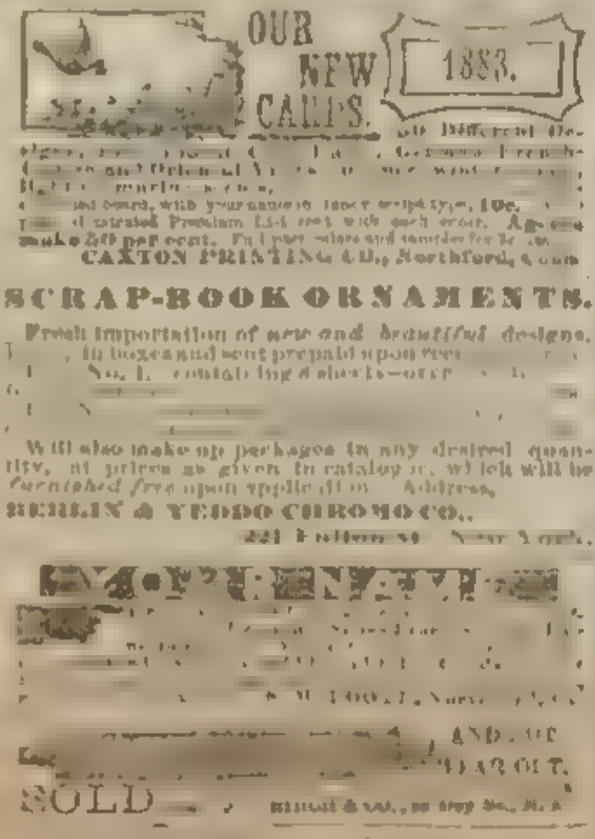

SOLD [illegible]

PHONOGRAPHY or Phonetic Short-Hand, by Benn Pitman, with alphabet [illegible]

50 [illegible] (ROMO CARDS, [illegible] Bevel Edge, Floral Chromo Cards, [illegible] Name in Gilt and Jet, 10c. [illegible] CARDS, New Haven, Ct.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

[illegible] Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors [illegible]

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

[illegible] ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, [illegible] BLOTCHES, [illegible] Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent [illegible] Humors [illegible] of skin and blood [illegible]

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all [illegible] in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional [illegible] but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, [illegible], Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Dropsy, Dysentery, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water [illegible]

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles [illegible] than any other preparation. Taken [illegible] cheap, as others require three or six bottles.

One Dollar Per Bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, [illegible] DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Read Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS.

FEVER AND ACUE.

[illegible] cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, [illegible] fevers [illegible] the bowels are stopped [illegible] by taking Radway's [illegible] inflammation, no [illegible] the use of the R. R. R.

ACHES AND PAINS.

[illegible] wounds, bear [illegible] Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for [illegible]

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient. Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation, Piles, and all derangements of [illegible] drugs.

[illegible] of the Digestive [illegible] ation, Inward Piles, Fulness of [illegible] head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.** Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

[illegible] look for Radway's, and see that the [illegible]

NERVOUS DEBILITY

[illegible] Manufacturers, 103 Fulton Street, New York.

CUTICURA

[illegible] A Complete [illegible] Now ready and for sale by all druggists.

FREE "Health Helper"

AGENTS WANTED

Penn Mutual

LIFE INSURANCE CO.
No. 921 Chestnut St.,

[illegible] PENN MUTUAL [illegible]

Agents Wanted.

Apply to H. B. STEPHENS Vice-President.

Champion WASHING MACHINE.

Agents wanted in every county; the best, cheapest, and the best-selling [illegible] ever invented. It [illegible] is easily operated; and saves over half the time and labor in washing. Send for a Price-list. Large [illegible] SCAMAN & [illegible], Muskegon, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED. A NEW BOOK!

NEW YORK AND SUNLIGHT —AND— GASLIGHT

showing up the New York of to-day, with its [illegible] crowded thoroughfares, its towering elevated [illegible] countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its [illegible] and terrible tragedies, its charities, and its [illegible] Terms to Agents, &c. [illegible] ready. DONOHUE BROTHERS, 407 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

HISTORY OF THE U. S.

BY ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

It contains over 300 fine portraits and engravings of [illegible] and other historical scenes, and is the [illegible] ever [illegible] by over [illegible] pages. Address [illegible] St. Louis, Mo.

[illegible] TO LADIES AND YOUNG MEN wishing [illegible] steady employment at their homes, work furnished; sent by mail; no canvassing; [illegible] required for reply. Please address Edward F. Davis & Co., 62 South Main St., Fall River, Mass.

[illegible] patent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philad'a, Pa.

AGENTS [illegible] RIDPATH & CO. 19 Park Pl. N. Y.

Agents Wanted [illegible] $43.50 S.M.Spencer, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS [illegible] can make money selling our Family Medicines. [illegible] Co., 167 Pearl Street, New York.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.

Inventor of the [illegible] CONNAUGHTAN'S **ILLUSTRATING WIG and BASIC HAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
over the [illegible]	[illegible]
No. 4. From [illegible] and the forehead.	

I am always ready for [illegible] Wigs, Toupees, [illegible] Frizettes, Braids, Curls, [illegible] finest, and as cheap as [illegible] Union. Letters from any part of the [illegible] attended.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

Wanamaker's STORE

Every article in Dry Goods, [illegible] Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments, personally [illegible] by one of the firm [illegible] ing to be returned [illegible] refund of money if not suited [illegible] Orders by mail, express or [illegible] logue, with details, mailed on [illegible] JOHN WANAMAKER, [illegible]

We have the largest retail stock in the [illegible]

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock.

[illegible] Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Woolens, Cloths, Cassimeres, Flannels, Blankets, Linens, Crashes, Towels, Handkerchiefs, Infants' Wear, and all other [illegible] Articles. Samples, Rules for Self-Measurement, and all information sent free. COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market Sts., Philadelphia.

FITS

A London Physician [illegible] Offer in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS [illegible]

[illegible] 50 [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

GRUMBLEDOM.

BY G. W.

I.

"IT'S too bad! It is indeed!" said Rob.

"No one has sent me a valentine.

"You girls have had a lot, and I haven't had one.

"It's mean, that's what I call it. I never got anything!"

"Nonsense!" said Ethel.

"You have more things than any of us, but you're never satisfied.

"You're a discontented little grumbler, and that's the long and short of it."

Just then, as if to prove the truth of Ethel's words, a large box arrived, marked—

"A Valentine for Rob."

When it was opened it was found to contain a sword and its scabbard, a gun, a bayonet, a pouch, and a lot of other nice things.

But even when he saw what a handsome present had been sent to him, Rob could not help sustaining the character which Ethel had given him.

"I suppose Uncle Archie has sent these, as he heard me say I wanted a sword and a gun.

"But what's the use of a sword and a gun without a drum?

"Uncle knew I wanted a drum, so why couldn't he have sent me one.

"We can't play at soldiers without a drum.

"It's too bad!"

However, drum or no drum, Rob did proceed to play at soldiers, and that at once.

Ethel was pressed into the service, and soon made three paper hats, with cockades in them—one for Rob, one for herself, and one for their dog Toby.

Toby was a very clever dog, and had been taught a lot of tricks, before he was given to Ethel.

He would carry anything that was given to him, and would walk round the room on his hind legs as gravely as possible.

So Toby was dressed up for the occasion, with a hat on his head, a gun on his shoulder, and a belt and pouch round his waist.

Rob of course wore the sword, and was the officer in command.

Ethel had the humble post of water-carrier to the regiment, and followed Rob; while Toby brought up the rear.

But it was all of no use.

After marching round the room for a minute or two Rob had had enough of it, and with an air of disgust he flung his sword on the floor.

"I told you so," he cried. "It's no fun without a drum.

"I believe it is to have known we could do nothing without a drum.

"It's a shame, that it is!" and with that he left Ethel to her own devices, and threw himself on the rug before the fire.

II.

"It is a shame, that it is!" said a small voice in his ear. "I wouldn't stand it, if I were you."

Rob looked round in surprise, and saw a strange little figure, about three feet high, dressed all in red, and with what looked like a dunce's cap on his head.

"I wouldn't stand it, that I wouldn't" the little figure continued.

"But I can't help it—not a bit. I have to stand it, and that's just the worst of it," said Rob.

"Oh, but you can help it if you like," the stranger replied.

"I know a land where you can always have all you want, and a little more than you want too," he added.

"Yes, that's all very well," cried Rob, "but how am I to get there?

"It's too bad of you to tell me of such a place just to tantalise me! It's a shame, that it is!"

"But I'll take you there, if you like," the little man replied.

"Oh! very well; that's different," said Rob.

"I am ready.

"Come along."

III.

It was certainly a beautiful country in which Rob found himself.

The sun was shining brightly, the grass was of a vivid green hue, the flowers scented the air, and birds of wondrous plumage were singing sweetly.

"Well, and what do you call this place?" asked Rob of his companion.

"We call it Grumble Dom," answered the little man, dryly.

"And not a bad name, either," said Rob.

"There's plenty to grumble at.

"Why, it's not enough to bake you here!"

"Oh, too hot, isn't it?" cried the little man, stamping his foot in his rage.

"Well, we'll soon cure that!" And then he began to sing:

"Heave a sigh
For the days
When it was cold
And wet always.

Now we don't know
What it is to freeze
Frost and snow
Come and cease."

The words themselves seemed to make Rob shiver, and in a minute or two he was shivering indeed.

The sun disappeared, the grass and the flowers were hidden beneath a deep covering of snow, and a bitterly cold north-east wind was driving the sleet right in Rob's face.

He couldn't see his way before him, and the little man seemed to have disappeared, so Rob sank down on the snow in despair, and, big boy as he was, began to mingle tears with his grumbling.

"Ha! ha!" laughed a familiar voice—

"'This and then change,
Though rather strange
A lesson ought to show:
For [illegible]
To [illegible]
Is but a yard or so!'"

Rob looked up and saw his friend standing on the top of a mound of snow.

"So you've had enough of this, have you?" he said.

"You grumble at the cold now, do you?

"Well, I'll humor you again," and he sang:—

"'Sun, shine!
Soft winds, blow!
Birds, sing!
Flowers, grow!'

And now once more all was pleasant.

But Rob was Rob still, and he couldn't help grumbling.

"This is all very well," he said, "but there's no fun in walking about among the flowers and birds.

"I want something to amuse me.

"I should like a donkey-ride.

"It's too bad that there are no donkeys here."

The little man said nothing, but whistled mysteriously, and Rob thought he must be dreaming for there stood a donkey before him, saddled and bridled, and waiting to be ridden.

Rob did not need his friend's invitation to mount, for in a second he was in the saddle, and away went the donkey at a wonderful pace.

This was certainly an exceptional donkey for it did not want urging in any way, and it flew over the ground at such a rate that it was all Rob could do to hold on, and he was bumped terribly.

He tugged at the reins, but all in vain; he shouted, "Stop," at the top of his voice, but to no purpose; and then he did what was to be expected of him—he grumbled.

And then his ride came to a sudden end, for the donkey stumbled and threw him violently over its head, and he fell heavily to the ground.

IV.

When Rob had recovered from his fall he had had quite enough of play, and he began to wish that he was back at school again, with lessons to learn and play-fellows to tease, and, almost as the wish came to his mind, he found himself surrounded by a lot of boys, and he was standing before a master, who was putting to him various questions in history and geography.

The questions were all very easy, and this was quite enough for Rob.

If they had been difficult, and he could not have answered them, he would have grumbled; much more then did he complain when they were easy.

But strange to say, as soon as he grumbled, a change came over the scene.

Master Rob was caught tripping; an easy question was put to him; he made an absurd answer, and was dismissed ignominiously to the bottom of the class.

Rob burst out of the school-room, with tears in his eyes, and flung himself on the grass, in a very miserable frame of mind.

"Everything goes wrong with me," he said aloud.

"I never seem to do right."

"Never do right?" said a little girl, who had walked up close behind him, followed by her sister, and a pet lamb.

"Oh, how dreadful!"

"How dreadful!" repeated the smaller girl.

And was it fancy, or did the lamb bleat, "How dreadful!" too?

At any rate Rob thought he heard it do so.

"It must be your own fault, little boy," the girl continued.

"You must give up grumbling, and try to be happy and contented, whatever happens, and then all will go well with you."

Rob began to think there was some truth in what the little girl said, so he answered, "I'll try it, at any rate!

"I'll give up grumbling, that I will!"

Immediately a merry party of boys and girls appeared on the scene, and began to sing rather discordantly.

"That's all very well," said Rob, forgetting his wise resolution, "but I wish you'd sing in tune.

"I can't bear hearing such a discord! Why don't you go away?"

"Upon my word, you're most rude," said the little man.

"Back you go to your own country, for we'll have nothing more to do with you."

And Rob felt the little man seize him by the arm, and—

* * * * * *

But after all, it was only that his arm had gone to sleep, through keeping it in one position too long.

[illegible] of pictures of the Diamond Dyes have been issued without a solitary [illegible] print. Every wife to try any of the favorite Dyes.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

BY RANDALL W. [illegible].

"WHERE I lost it I don't know," said poor Mrs. Velvete, sobbing piteously; "but it don't make any difference, at any rate.

"Somebody has picked it up, and that's an end of it.

"For all I know, someone picked my pocket.

"London is a dreadfully dishonest place."

It was to a neighbor that Mrs. Velvete spoke.

"No, I just come home from the city, where I had been to draw her quarter's income, and it was her purse containing the money of which she spoke.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, my dear," she sighed [illegible] change out of an eagle I bought my [illegible] and lunch with.

"It was in the brown velvet bag June—that's my niece in Lincoln—sent me last Christmas, and poor Henry's portrait and hair in a locket.

"I'd taken it off my chain to get the ring mended, for it didn't seem safe.

"Oh, yes, and all my keys on a ring.

"It's [illegible].

"I shall never get over it, for I shall have to [illegible] for food and fire for three months, and I shall be behind-hand over it.

"And my poor husband's hair and portrait, too!"

"Why don't you advertise?" asked the neighbor.

"Send more borrowed money after what's gone?

"I know too much for that," said Mrs. Velvete.

Home she went, sad and dispirited, and having lived on oatmeal porridge for a week, and on tea for two days, began to think of the loan she must ask for sooner or later.

Old Joe Barker knew she was honest, and would lend her something, but it would be with heavy interest.

After all, that was better than to trouble her few friends, and perhaps break their [illegible].

She placed her "papers"—her proofs that so much money was hers—before the old gentleman—who, peering through his spectacles, demurred, doubted, and finally counted out a certain sum.

She lived miserably enough for the next three months, but in spite of that the next quarter's income was spent when it was due; and thus, as she had prophesied, trouble deepened.

At last, head over ears in debt, her little house, her one earthly possession, no longer really hers, but to be sold at auction next week, her little capital in the hands of old Joe Barker, poor old Mrs. Velvete knew not which way to turn for succor.

"I'll go and see if they don't want a servant up at the 'big hotel,'" she said to herself.

"I could cook and wash dishes.

"I suppose I shall feel pretty well cut up, but I can't starve."

And Mrs. Velvete, tying her shabby bonnet under her chin, and wrapping herself in a shawl that had long since seen its best days, took her way up the road to the "big hotel."

"We [illegible]," the proprietor said, good-[illegible].

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

"[illegible]

Then he looked at his watch, and Mrs. Velvete thanked him, and went away again; but the hotel proprietor did not send for her, after all.

The day of the sale was very near; and finally the poor old lady, her eyes swollen with weeping, took her way to the city, and to a servants' registry office, where she sat all day waiting for an employer.

The ladies wanted younger women, more active women.

They feared that this pale old woman, with her dowcast air, would fall ill on their hands.

Some of the girls laughed at her amongst themselves; but one young girl said to herself—

"She looks like grandmother, poor lady!" and when she went out for her lunch remembered her.

"It's only a few cakes and an ap[illegible]," said, with her pretty smile, as she [illegible] thing wrapped in a newspaper into [illegible] hand.

"You're a good girl! Thank you," said old Mrs. Velvete.

And tears fell on the cake and fruit as she ate them—tears of gratitude.

She was really too poor to buy a lunch.

When she had swallowed every crumb she put on her glasses, and began to read the bit of newspaper.

There was something about a terrible murder.

There was an advertisement of cheap goods for ladies.

There was a column of lost and found notices; and as she skimmed this her eye lighted on the following:—

"Found, Oct. 20., a bag containing money and other articles. The contents of the [illegible] make it particularly interesting to the advertiser, who wishes to see the loser, who will kindly call at No. 40 Bank street, Room No. 5."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Velvete, "it is my bag!"

She hurriedly looked at the calendar on the wall.

"The paper must be two years old," she thought, "but I'll go and see the advertiser."

And folding the paper carefully, she hurried out of the office.

It was in one of the business streets near the Mansion House that she found No. 40, and was taken in a lift to Room No. 5.

The door was opened by a boy, who, in reply to her questions, said that he didn't know anything about an advertisement, but would inquire.

Mrs. Velvete waited in some trepidation, looking about her at the evidences of a large and prosperous business, at the clerks busy at their desks, at the messenger boys hurrying in and out, at the boxes and pigeon holes innumerable, and at last was summoned to the inner office, where a benevolent-looking man of fifty-five or sixty arose to greet her.

He bowed.

Mrs. Velvete made a little curtsey, and [illegible].

"It's two years and a half ago, and I've just got the paper.

"Here it is.

"My bag was brown velvet, and the money was two hundred and fifty dollars, and poor Mr. Velvete's likeness, in a locket, was in the bag.

"Oh, sir, if you found it, and have kept it, you'll save a poor old soul from starva[illegible]."

"I found it; I have it still," said the old gentleman.

"Now, madam, whose portrait was in the locket?"

"The portrait was a likeness of my husband, Henry Velvete, when he was young," said the old lady.

"I am Mrs. Velvete; I used to be Miss Orchard.

"We were married in Maryland, but bought a small property in Middlesex soon after, and moved there to live on it. Mr. Velvete had losses.

"He wasn't a good business man, though he was the best of dear souls.

"And the little money he left is all gone now."

"Madam," said the old gentleman, rising, "did you ever hear your husband speak of a brother?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Velvete, — "Richard.

"He went to California and died there.

"My husband thought a good deal about him.

"We named the dear boy we lost after him."

The gentleman looked at her gravely, then turned to a tray on the table and took from it a card.

Mrs. Velvete looked at it through her glasses.

"Richard Velvete," she read aloud.

"Why, surely, it can't be my husband's brother!"

"It is indeed, madam," said Richard Velvete.

"For years I have sought in vain for my brother.

"I was at last informed that he was [illegible].

"I believed you dead also until I found that bag.

"But the likeness in the locket was so good, and the initials on the back, H. V. to S. O., so conclusive, that I advertised steadily for six months.

"I had given up all hope of ever finding you.

"But now we shall not lose each other again.

"I have so few relatives that I am covetous of them."

"Wonders will never cease," wrote Mrs. Velvete to an old neighbor, some time after.

"Here I am living like a queen, in style I never expected to see, keeping house for brother Richard and his son; and all because of the scrap of newspaper good little Norn Murphy gave me, with cakes and an apple in it.

And, by the way, I've sought her out, and she is our little waiter now, and she shall have a good home and kindness, and everything I can give as long as I live."

MEANS OF VENTILATION.—As houses are generally made, it is better to draw down the upper sash of a window, for the reason that the warmest air, particularly during the winter, collects near the ceiling, and injurious matters are carried up into it from the floor. Drawing down the sash will afford a double means of ventilation; permitting the warm and noxious air to escape, and the outer air to enter at the bottom of the sash through the lower one. When the weather is cold, it is not necessary the upper sash be lowered much; an inch or two [illegible] room of [illegible] square. A room which is used for the general assembling of the family should not be less than that in dimensions.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2. 1880.

I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them or bear upon them the highest encomiums, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took [illegible] and are in [illegible]. So long as [illegible] high reputation for [illegible], I shall continue to [illegible] I have [illegible] with any other patent [illegible].

I. J. BABCOCK, M. D.

BLOSSOMS.

BY C. J.

Sweet hawthorn blossoms, with the kiss of May
So coyly nestling 'mid your fragrant tips!
You shyly wooed her on her joyous way,
To steal the honey from her rosy lips.
Her lovely fleeting smile your faces wear;
Fading while we exclaim: "How frail, how fair!"

While your dear beauties feast my gladdened eyes,
Far from this busy mart my fancy treads;
Twine I your fairy buds 'neath laughing skies,
In crowns of pearly bloom for weary heads:
And with what tender joy I lay you now
On bosom racked with pain, and throbbing brow!

Down many a pleasant country lane I see
Fair children laden with your dainty bloom:
Dreams, idle dreams—a child-voice calls to me,
While timid hands reach shyly through the gloom—
Such eager trembling hands, that yearn to touch
The darling flowers the child-heart loves so much.

A childish voice, a little wistful face,
Pleads through the gloom—ah! surely not in vain:
While your faint perfume fills the mournful place,
Waking a world of mingled joy and pain:
Bearing through narrow court, and alley grey,
God's blessed sunshine, and the breath of May.

Oh, nestle fondly to that wan young cheek,
Where tears of rapture lie like April dew!
In loving whisper to that child-heart speak
Of warbling birds, green lanes, and skies so blue,
Of nodding violets that in dreams of love
Breathe odorous incense through the shady grove.

Before that little fluttering pulse shall cease
Its feeble throbbing—e'er you fall away
From the fast chilling hand—oh, whisper 'Peace,'
Then breathe soft perfume round that form of clay,
While the blest spirit answers: 'All is well!
May is eternal May where angels dwell!'"

THE WORK OF RIVERS.

THERE is no series of actions occurring in the physical world around us of greater importance in the eyes of the geologist than the work of rivers. In the work of modifying the earth they have always held a prominent place. Even Joli speaks of the "waters wearing the stones," and of the "mountain being moved out of his place;" and the observation shows us that in patriarchal days the power of running water to "erode," or to eat out and wear away the earth's crust, was a recognized feature of physical history. But it has certainly been left for the modern geologist to show the full capabilities of rivers to effect changes upon the earth's surface; and to note the part they play in that well nigh universal action, named "denudation." This action, as the etymology of the word indicates, is one of "laying bare" the surface of the earth. But it is likewise something more. The "laying bare" of rock-surfaces is only the prelude to them being wasted and worn, and to their being carried off, slowly or the reverse, to the sea and to lakes, there to form the rocks and foundations of the future.

In this work of denudation there are employed a large number of natural agencies, which act ceaselessly upon the world's substance. There is hardly a feature of the land—hill, valley, river-course, basin, cliff—which does not represent either the direct or indirect result of the process of denudation. In this work of "wear and tear," the sea, of course, plays an important part. The ceaseless action of the waves affects the coasts, occasionally in an alarming fashion, by sweeping away large tracts of valuable land.

The atmosphere also is early at work, denuding the land by the action of the oxygen and carbonic acid gas which it contains; whilst ice, frost and snow exercise a powerful effect upon the earth, whether in loosening the soils by the action of frost, or in the shape of the glacier, slowly cutting and carving its way from the mountain-tops to the valley below.

To rivers, however, must be ascribed the chief part in this action of "denudation," which it must be borne in mind is hardly a phase of pure "waste," inasmuch as the matter worn away from the land is being re-formed into rocks in the quietude of the lake-beds, and in the abysses of ocean.

Geologists have made elaborate calculations of the amount of waste matter which various rivers wear and bring down from the lands through which they flow, to the sea which receives them.

It is obvious that the power of any river, however, will depend upon a variety and combination of circumstances; and it is needful to take these into account in estimating the river's work.

For example, the river that has to operate upon soft material will naturally possess a more evident effect upon the district through which it runs, than that which flows over a rocky course. And similarly, the river which has a steep and precipitous course, interspersed with waterfalls, must act more powerfully on the land than the winding and slow-flowing river, whose meanderings are in fact due to the lack of force to sweep obstacles away.

On the basis afforded by such considerations, calculations of a river's work may be made with some degree of certainty. Thus it has been estimated that the Mississippi reduces the level of the country through which it flows at the rate of one foot in six thousand years.

Supposing that this rate of wear and tear could be made to extend over the whole surface of North America, the average height of which is seven hundred and forty-eight feet, the continent would be reduced to the level of the sea in four and a half millions of years.

Various rivers are found to wear the land at a greater rate than others, according to the circumstances detailed above. In the case of the Po of Europe, for example, the wear and tear are nine times as great as in the case of the Danube; and in the Mississippi the rate is only one third of that exercised by the seething and tumultuous Rhone.

The latter river, according to the best calculations, removes one foot of rock in one thousand five hundred and twenty-eight years; the same work being accomplished by the Ganges in two thousand three hundred and fifty-eight years; by the Po in seven hundred and twenty-nine years; by the Danube in six thousand eight hundred and forty-six years; and by the Nith in four thousand seven hundred and twenty-three years.

At the above rate, the Ganges would remove the Asiatic continent in five millions of years; assuming the average height of the continent above sea-level to be two thousand two hundred and sixty-four feet.

Similarly, Europe would be worn down by the Po to the water-level in less than a million of years, provided the whole continent were denuded as rapidly as the Po-valley is worn to-day.

Grains of Gold.

Be courteous with all, but intimate with few.

No matter what you wear; look to what you are.

He who throws out suspicions should be suspected himself.

Never swerve in your conduct from your honest convictions.

The root of all wholesome thought is knowledge of thyself.

There is no surer method for melancholy than persistent labor.

Pursue each aim as if it were your last chance to win success.

Cultivate a willingness to acknowledge and repair your faults.

So live that the world may be better because you have been of it.

It is surely better to pardon too much than to condemn too much.

You can do more in one hour in the morning than in two after midday.

The chief end of religion is to perform as many good actions as possible.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

The soul is not poisoned by mere errors of the head, but by evils of the heart.

The afflictions of life are neither too numerous nor too sharp. Much rust requireth a rough file.

A man is by nothing so much himself as by his temper and the character of his passions and affections.

No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept away from idle companions.

There may be a furlough from our customary work; there can never be any lawful vacation from doing good.

Everywhere and always a man's worth must be gauged to some extent, though only in part, by his domesticity.

If children are to appreciate and choose home in preference to any other place, make it attractive for them.

It is true in matter of estate, as of our garments, not that which is the largest, but that which fits us best, is best for us.

The man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them.

A prayerless life cannot be less than a godless one, for prayer is the only avenue by which the grace of God enters the heart.

Some connoisseurs would give a thousand dollars for the painted head of a beggar, who would threaten the living mendicant with imprisonment.

Femininities.

Vermont has two women acting as mail-carriers.

By the new law in Switzerland both sexes are of legal age at 21.

At the Paris Conservatory of Music women are admitted as competitors.

A girl who weds a wealthy man who ill-treats her, can be said to be most richedly married.

When Fogg saw a train on the dress of an old lady, he fiendishly remarked that it was behind time.

A parson publishes a marriage notice, with this addition: "No fee for the minister. Empty envelope dodge."

If love is blind, why do girls spend two-thirds of their time on their hair and looking up their most killing styles?

Somebody has risen to remark that real ladies now-a-days are distinguished by their unpretentious style of dressing.

"Don't you think, Clara, that you could love me a little?" And Clara answered, with her most engaging and angelic smile, "Yes, Fred, a very little."

St. Clair county, Mich., has a female undertaker. She is, of course, a charming creature, and we shall soon hear of men dying to get into her embraces.

There were 366 divorce cases in San Francisco last year, which was 14 per cent of the number of marriages. There was one divorce to every 600 of the population.

A New York belle who has more rings than she can conveniently wear upon her fingers, has introduced a custom of stringing them on a red cord and wearing them as a necklace.

The Indians are accused of failing to support their wives and children. Such a thing, of course, was never known among the pale-faces, which makes the offence seem all the more atrocious to civilized people.

At Atlanta, Georgia, is a young woman, under twenty, who not only mends but makes boots and shoes, and has won the respect and patronage of the entire neighborhood. She works at the bench with her father.

The great dry goods stores of Philadelphia and New York, as well as those of Paris, are compelled to watch for female kleptomaniacs. The number of otherwise respectable women who steal is said to be astonishing.

The Empress Augusta of Germany is 71, the Queen of Denmark 65, and Queen Victoria 62. The Empress of Brazil and Queen Olga of Wortemburg have both reached 60, while the ex-Empress Eugenie, whose name is still recorded in the place of honor in the calendar is 58.

A woman recently applied for State aid; the blank was produced, and the usual questions were asked and answered until she was requested to state her age. She inquired if it was really necessary to do so, and being answered in the affirmative, she refused all aid, and flounced out of the office in high dudgeon.

Faint-heartedness would never have won the Vicksburg fair lady who refused her suitor four times, but yielded when he fell on his knees before her in a parlor, in the presence of many, and for the fifth time urged his suit. She accepted him on the spot, and appointed a day for the wedding before leaving the room.

A Uniontown man, who applied for a divorce chiefly on the ground that his wife pounded him while he was asleep, got no relief from the hard-hearted jury. This seems like even-handed justice. A man who can sleep while his wife is pounding him should be compelled to endure the operation for the luxury it affords the pounder.

The story is told of a canny Scot, who, having recently lost his wife, was receiving the commiserations of a friend. "You have had a great trial, Mr. Campbell." "Yes, sir, you may well say that," was the reply; and then pausing, with a shake of his head, "not only was it a great trial, but let me tell you, a matter of considerable expense."

A girl in one of the public schools applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on the plea that they had company at home. The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons that the School Board think sufficient to justify absence, and asked if her case came under any of them. She naively replied that it might come under the head of "domestic affliction."

Ladies have many privileges in Washington society not allowed elsewhere. Male escort is never indispensable. They can always go together whenever invited in couples or parties without a gentleman. This came from their husbands or fathers having business engagements in the evening, or being too weary after their day's duties to accompany the ladies of their families to parties.

A California girl the other day attempted to take a loaded revolver out of the drawer of a sewing machine, when the weapon was discharged. The bullet struck her fairly and squarely over the heart, and she fell to the floor dead, as all supposed, but at once she came up smiling and made another dash at the revolver. The steel ribs of her corset had turned aside the bullet.

It is said that the weight of a man's brain is 50 ounces, while that of the average woman is 45 ounces. Yet many women with ten ounces less brains than a man will completely upset him, and prove to the impartial world that she knows more than he does when she's asleep. It is a lovely sight to see a 90-ounce woman get caramels out of a 50-ounce man, and make him believe she adores him, while she is negotiating with another man to be taken to the opera.

A recent novel has a heroine becomingly dressed thus: A violet rose of some filmy French goods fell in graceful folds of Rembrandtesque shadow about the elegance and symmetry of her form, a polonaise of solid "point d'Angleterre" dropped its silver foam from her throat, tastefully decorated with sprays of scarlet geranium, and a fashionable Parisian hat concealed her azure brow and temples. She was drifting over the vast expanse of the gulf in "a light picturesque fulucca."

News Notes.

General Tom Thumb enjoys the distinction of being the shortest Knight Templar in the world.

A watch made entirely of iron, and in perfect running order, was exhibited at a fair recently.

It is said that Mrs. Cornwallis West, the London professional beauty, is to appear in Washington.

It is said that $60,000 has already been sunk in the attempt to produce the Passion Play in New York.

A lively accident insurance agent issued policies for $700,000 on a single wedding party going from Denver to Chicago.

One of the venerable Peter Cooper's traits is feeding the cats which gather near his office at a certain time every day.

It is stated that George Alfred Townsend, the newspaper correspondent, has an income of $30,000 a year from his writings.

Senator Sherman has preserved all the letters which he has received during the last twenty years, and they number nearly 25,000.

There are 19,777 Quakers in Great Britain and Ireland, besides 6,190 regular attendants at Friends' meetings who are not in full membership.

A set of paper wheels under a truck of an engine of the Central Vermont Railroad has been in use twelve years, and they are still apparently sound.

It appears to be a fact that both of the great "railroad kings"—W. H. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould—are in very poor health—and find it necessary to take a rest.

At a luncheon given to some friends in the Southern home of Augusta C. Evans, the author of "Beulah," the wine served to the guests was made by her own hands.

The greatest pawnbroker's shop in the world is the Mont de Piete, in Paris. It charges only 1 1-4 per cent a month, and it does a business of over 80,000,000 francs a year.

There is an Indian woman 120 years old living in Fitzpatrick, Ala., who was once a cook on Andrew Jackson's staff when he was cutting a road from Alabama to Florida.

A store in Atlanta, Ga., was saved from robbery by two dogs that were shut up in it. The dogs did not know what the burglars were after, but went for them on general principles.

Among the printed rules of a hotel in Los Angeles is the following: "No combustibles such as paper, old clothing, bottles or oyster cans to be thrown out of these windows."

Dr. A. L. Childs, by cutting down trees whose age was known, has found that the popular theory as to rings in trees as a sign of age is false. In dated years a tree makes a number.

United States Senator Davis, of West Virginia, was once a brakeman on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. He is now one of the Directors of the Company, and $4,000,000 would not buy him out.

Many of the Sophomores of Dartmouth College have been suspended for refusing to give the names of the members of the class who recently larded the faculty seats in the college chapel.

A detachment of the Salvation Army has been at work in Paris for about a year and a half. In that time its warriors claim to have been the means of converting about two hundred of the lively Parisians.

Prof. Nordenskjold claims the reward of 25,000 guilden which was offered in 1868 by the Dutch Government to any one who should succeed in reaching the Pacific Ocean by way of the Northeast passage.

A church in Bavaria, accommodating one thousand people, has been almost entirely built of papier-mache, which can be supplied at a cost little above that of plaster. It can be made to imitate the finest marble.

Mme. Bismarck has received from the Shah of Persia the highest decoration of that Empire, an honor never before conferred on a woman. The Star of the Sun is large enough to cover half of a modern ball-dress bodice.

A series of experiments on muscular pressure at Johns Hopkins shows that small ladies shake hands with more vigor than large, and the pressure of men is to that of women as three is to five. This is believed to extend to kissing.

Massachusetts has had twenty-five State Treasurers, and of the $353,686,017 which have passed through their hands, only $21,000 was ever lost, and that as long ago as 1800, by a defaulter who bore the decidedly appropriate name of Skinner.

The Buddhist priests in Japan find much aid and comfort in Ingersoll's lectures against Christianity. They have had them translated into their own language, and are distributing them in great numbers to counteract the effect of the Christian missionaries.

A slightly colored boy in Washington has been condemned to bear the name of "Roscoe Conkling Bruce" during the continuance of his natural life. He is the son of ex-Senator Bruce, now Register of the Treasury, and his name is on every recent greenback issue.

The Supreme Court of Illinois decided that no man is obliged to clean the sidewalk opposite his house. The case was that of a resident of Bloomington, who allowed the snow to accumulate in front of his residence, and, being fined under a city ordinance, appealed to the Court.

CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, INFLAMMATION OF THE THROAT, and Difficulty of Breathing, frequently result from a severe Cold. The remedial properties combined in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant are especially designed to break up feverish and inflammatory tendencies, remove Constriction of the Throat, and by bringing about a free expectoration, promote natural respiration, and a speedy cure. A reputation maintained for forty years, affords to all a guarantee of the practical merit of the remedy.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Soddy, Tenn., March 9, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

N. C.

South Harpswell, Me., March 8, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

N. A. T.

Rossville, Pa., March 12, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

E. N. M.

Shellbina, Mo., March 8, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

M. A.

Longview, Ky., March 9, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

B. A. W.

Eklo, Md., March 10, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

S. L. C

Lexington, Mo., March 9, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

V. L. W.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 14, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

C. D.

Coon Island, Pa., March 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. M. T.

Burton, Tex, March. 6, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

E. H. L.

Nantucket, Mass., March 8, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

H. S.

Elkton, Neb., March 7, 83,

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

R. H. M.

Flushing, N. Y., March 13, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

C. W.

St. George, Utah., March 5, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

E. H. G.

Beerville, Tex., March 8, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

B. F.

Lewiston, Idaho, March 8, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

C. K. B.

Parnell, Ky., March 9, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

M. M. L.

Keese, Tex., March 9, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

F. M. W.

Humorous.

Are the imaginary pictures one sees in the glowing coals an evidence that the fire draws well?

Why is a fellow with a bad cold in the head like Niagara Falls? Because he's catarrh-racked.

"The evil that men do live after them." Even when an amateur cornetist dies he leaves the fatal instrument behind.

Practice makes perfect. True, but a man can continue to drop a hot horseshoe as readily the first time trying as the second.

A boy says in his composition that "Onions are a vegetable that make you sick when you don't eat them yourself."

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" said an old lady.

Should you be a sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion, malaria, or weakness, you can be cured by carefully perusing this column.

The egotist gazed admiringly at his reflection in a mirror, and complacently remarked, "Two as handsome fellows as ever lived."

When a man prefaces his conversation with, "Now, I know that isn't any of my business," you may be pretty sure that it isn't.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Fred Acker, as he paced the floor at midnight with his new and howling baby—"thank heaven you are not twins!"

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED
The SUREST CURE for
KIDNEY DISEASES.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

A well-known clergyman, Rev. N. Cook, of Trempeleau, Wis., says: "I find Kidney-Wort a sure cure for kidney and liver troubles."

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

☞ SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

"Last year I went to Europe," says Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Reg. N. G. S. N. Y., now living at 173 W. 81st Ave., J. C. Hights, N. J., "only to return worse from chronic liver complaint. Kidney-Wort, as a last resort, has given me better health than I've heretofore enjoyed for many, many years." He's cured now, and consequently happy.

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FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

"I will recommend it everywhere," writes Jas. B. Moyer, Carriage Manufacturer, Myerstown, Pa., "because it"—Kidney-Wort—"cured my piles."

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE
FOR
—RHEUMATISM—

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

As it is for all the painful diseases of the
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
☞ Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

"Mr. Walter Cross, my customer, was prostrated with rheumatism for two years; tried, in vain, all remedies; Kidney-Wort alone cured him. I have tried it myself, and know that it is good."—Portion of a letter from J. L. Willett, druggist, Flint, Mich.

Splendid 20 latest style chromo Cards, name 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Pardee, Fair Haven, Ct.

$8 for $4. THE ORGANETTA.
A MARVELOUS MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
THAT PLAYS ANY TUNE.

The Organetta has gained such a world-wide reputation, that a further description of it is not necessary. It will be well to say that it is a PERFECT ORGAN that plays mechanically all the latest popular music, songs, dance, waltzes, jigs, etc., etc., as well as the best sacred airs. It consists of three strong bellows and a set of reeds with EXPRESSION box and SWELL. A strip of perforated paper represents the tune, and it is only necessary to place the paper tune in the instrument, as shown in the picture, and turn the handle, which both operates the bellows and propels the paper tune. The perforations in the paper allow the right reeds to sound and a perfect tune is the result, perfect in time, execution, and color, without the least knowledge of music being required of the performer; even a little child can operate it, as is shown in the picture, a little girl is playing a waltz, and her little friends are dancing; they are better pleased than if Strauss himself were playing for them, and older people enjoy it equally as well. It is also tuned to the key best suited for the human voice to sing by. The Organetta is perfectly represented by the picture. It is made of solid black walnut, decorated in gilt, and is both handsome and ornamental. The price of similar instruments has hitherto been $8, and the demand has constantly increased, until now there are over 75,000 in use. We are encouraged to place the Organetta on the market at this greatly reduced price, believing that the sales will warrant the reduction. The Organetta, though similar in construction, is an improvement upon our well-known Organette, which sells for $5 and $10. It contains the same number of reeds and plays the same tunes. OUR OFFER IS THIS: On receipt of $8 we will send the Organetta by express to any address, and include FREE $4.25 worth of music, or on receipt of $6 we will send it with $2 worth of music FREE, or for $4 we will send it with a small selection of music FREE. The price includes boxing and packing. These are agent's prices, and we will appoint the first purchaser from any town our agent, if he so desires. Music is about one half the usual prices. Our name is so well known, we need only say to our regular patrons, that this is the best, handiest, and most complete Automatic Organ we have ever seen, and well worth the money.

Send all orders direct to headquarters.

HARBACH ORGANINA CO., 809 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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BEFORE — AND — AFTER

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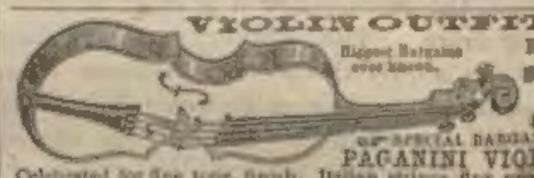

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UNION PUBLISHING CO., Winsted, Conn.

RUPTURE! Cured by Dr J. B. MAYER, 631 Arch St., Phila. Entirely cured me from severe rupture. Geo. Leebel, 2183 Philip St. Sworn before me Jan. 28, '82. W. P. Becker, Magte. Ct. 14, Phila

As some persons have doubted the genuineness of the letters purporting to have been received from people who have undergone wonderful cures by Dr. Schenck's Medicines, the editor of THE POST would assure them that he has seen the original letters, and that those printed are the same in every case. Their statements may, therefore, be fully relied on.

In order to give all, however, an opportunity of seeing for themselves, the original letters are on file at Dr. Schenck's office for the inspection of any who may wish to look over them. Dr Schenck is a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, of this city, class of 1869.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

"Oh, it is only a cold; I shall be well in a few days," is the usual answer when you remark to some friend or relative that they have a terrible cough. So slightly are coughs and colds thought of that often no note is taken of them until they are firmly seated upon the lungs, and the person in a fair way for Consumption.

Although you *may* recover from a bad cough or cold without the use of any medicine, you are risking your life by neglecting to attend to these first warnings of more serious diseases. Especially is this the case if your system is in a depressed condition from other ailments, such as Dyspepsia, or a torpid condition of the liver.

What is Usually Styled a "Common Cold."

The mouth, nose, throat and lungs are lined by a mucous membrane, which in a state of health, is constantly moist. This moisture, to a certain extent, is a necessity to the healthy condition of the parts. When a person catches cold, the secretion is suspended and the delicate and sensitive lining becomes swollen and inflamed. We can see a portion of this membrane, and by noticing the changes produced in it by inflammation, we infer those that occur in the bronchial tubes and lungs, which we cannot see. A cold in the head is very common. At first the nostril becomes dry and stuffed up by the membrane being swollen, the sense of smell is altered or lost, and the contact of air a little colder or less pure than common excites sneezing. If the inflammation goes down into the lungs, it is said to be a cold in the chest. When this occurs there is usually a dry cough, more or less difficulty in breathing, caused by the contraction of the windpipe or bronchial tubes, sometimes accompanied by pain or oppression across the chest. Slight fever or thirst is usual, and a thin white coating on the tongue, although this last symptom is not always present. Now, in all cases of this kind THE CURE IS RAPID AND SURE when our remedies are used according to the following directions: First, take a full dose of SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS on going to bed—this relieves the stomach and liver, and in some cases, where the inflammation is not seated on the lungs, is all that is required; but where there is much cough and difficulty of breathing, SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP should be taken according to directions until the cure is completed which is usually accomplished in a few days.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, unlike almost all preparations called "Cough Remedies," CONTAINS NO OPIUM or other injurious drugs, and therefore does not dry up a cough; but by purifying the blood and throwing the corrupt matter from the system, makes a perfect and permanent cure.

Dr. Schenck can be Consulted at the Principal Office, Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, every Monday.

Advice will be given free; but for a thorough examination with the Resplrometer—an instrument invented by Dr. Schenck, which will detect the slightest murmur of the respiratory organs, and determine the exact nature of the disease—the charge is $5.

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Wednesdays and Thursdays.
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Address all letters to Philadelphia.

It seems almost impossible that any one can doubt the efficacy of

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES
FOR THE CURE OF
CONSUMPTION

after reading the evidence we publish in this paper. The people who give these certificates are well and favorably known in the communities in which they reside, and many of them have kindly offered to answer any communication from those who are similarly afflicted.

For other Certificates of Cures send for Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. It gives a full description of these diseases in their various forms, also valuable information in regard to the diet and clothing of the sick; how and when exercise should be taken, etc. This book is the result of many years of experience in the treatment of Lung Diseases, and should be read, not only by the afflicted, but by those who, from hereditary taint or other cause, suppose themselves liable to any affection of the throat or lungs.

IT IS SENT FREE--
Post Paid, to all Applicants.

Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, corner Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Go and see the people who write the following letters, if possible:

From Thomas Draper, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKLYN, May 24, 1880.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK—

Dear Sir:—In 1856 I contracted a severe cold, which finally reached my lungs. During the day my cough was very troublesome but more so at night while in bed. Through cough and severe night-sweats my body became terribly emaciated, so much so that my friends thought that I could at most live but a very few months. I had the best physicians in New York city examine me, and they pronounced my disease "tubercles on the lungs." Each and every one of them prescribed something different for me to take, but from their medicine I received no benefit. After I had spent considerable money among the medical faculty, one of the doctors who I called on advised me to go South, as the climate there was more suitable to persons afflicted with my complaint. I started South, and two days after arriving in the city of Charleston, S. C., I was taken with hemorrhage of the lungs—the first I ever had. In that city I again called in the best physicians, who did all in their power to relieve me, but treatment was of no avail.

When I regained a little strength I started to Aiken, S. C., and it was while seated on the piazza of the hotel of that place, troubled with my usual fit of coughing, that I heard from a gentleman sitting close by about your PULMONIC SYRUP. He told me it was the only medicine he had ever used that did him any good, and he advised me to give it a trial, which you may rest assured I did speedily on my return home. On reading the directions I ascertained that I could see you, one day in each week, at your office in Bond street. There I went, and had you examine me. You told me if I would take your medicines as you directed they would cure me. Before I went home that day I bought a thermometer and placed it in my room for the purpose of keeping it heated as near alike each day as possible, to prevent my taking cold. In that room I remained three months. I took your PULMONIC SYRUP, SEAWEED TONIC and MANDRAKE PILLS as directed, and gained nearly sixteen pounds.

After using your medicine about five weeks I would, while lying on my left side, expectorate a great deal of *matter*, then my appetite began to improve, and the cough commenced to disappear; since then I have been on the improve.

For many years I have not been troubled with cough or hemorrhage, and to-day I weigh, in shirt sleeves, two hundred and three (203) pounds—more than I ever weighed before. People who now see me can't be made to believe that I was once reduced to skin and bone; only those who knew me through my sickness will believe it.

A great many doctors advise their patients, as I was advised, to go South. I have been to Enterprise, Florida, and Aiken, S. C. From experience, I know the climate South will no more cure Tubercular Consumption than it will cure a cancer. It wants something to reach the sores on the lungs and heal them, and I honestly think your medicine will do it.

Hoping my feeble attempt at explaining the virtue of your medicine will be the cause of encouraging some poor sufferer to give it a trial, as I successfully did, I remain, Yours respectfully,

THOMAS DRAPER,
Brooklyn House, 6th av., bet. 28th and 29th sts., Brooklyn, N. Y.

From James Kinsler, Conshohocken, Pa.

When I first went to see Dr. Schenck I had been pronounced an incurable Consumptive by several of the best physicians of Philadelphia, who had attended and prescribed for me in the hospital where I was for over a year. While there I took over one hundred bottles of Cod Liver Oil, but grew worse all the while. Just before leaving I was told by the doctors that there was no use of my taking anything, and as the medicine they gave me not even relieved my sufferings I concluded they were right. I was so weak at this time that I could not walk without help. I left the hospital and went home, where I tried many remedies for several months without any beneficial effect.

At last I was advised by a friend to go and see Dr. Schenck. After making an examination of my lungs he prescribed his MANDRAKE PILLS, SEAWEED TONIC, and PULMONIC SYRUP, and I began taking them. I was so weak and low that I had to take them for some time before they helped me any, but after awhile saw some slight improvement in my symptoms. For over a year I had been coughing up large quantities of matter from my lungs, and this became less in quantity; the swelling in my feet and legs became less, my appetite gradually improved, and I began to feel a little stronger; this encouraged me to keep on until I was finally cured. I took Dr. Schenck's medicines for several months. In addition to the symptoms mentioned I had severe night sweats, great loss of flesh, and constant cough, with severe pain in breast, sides and back.

I advise those who are afflicted with Throat or Lung Disease to go and see Dr. Schenck. He cured me when other physicians failed to give me any relief.

JAMES KINSLER.

Statement of Mr. Jeremiah Winn, of Worcester, Mass.

Four years ago last February, I took a heavy cold, and, being naturally weak in my lungs, it soon settled there. I soon had all the symptoms of Consumption—cough, night-sweats, pain in my breast and sides, and was so weak as to be confined to my bed a great deal of the time. My disease was pronounced to be consumption by all the physicians I employed, and I have no doubt that it was, for the disease is hereditary in my family, three of my sisters having died of it. I was so sick that I was confined to the house for nearly a year. At last, by the advice of my wife, I was induced to use the medicines of Dr. Schenck, of Philadelphia. I began to gain in strength very soon after I began to use them, and eventually was entirely cured. When I commenced to take them I only weighed one hundred and twenty pounds; my present weight is one hundred and sixty pounds, and I have excellent health all the time. I have never had a doubt but that Dr. Schenck's medicine saved my life. I make this statement for the benefit of those who are afflicted with lung disease, as I thoroughly believe in the great curative properties of these medicines.

JEREMIAH WINN.

Spoke and Wheel Manufacturer, 34 Irving St., Worcester, Mass., May 23, 1881.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK.

Dear Sir: Last Fall I caught a severe cold, which, through neglect, gradually settled in my throat and lungs, causing me, I was told by the doctor who attended me, Ulceration of the Lungs. He, however, said that he could cure me, and I was under his care for some time, but I continued to grow worse. At last he told me that my lungs were so bad that he did not think I would ever get well. At this time I was having severe hemorrhages, very often, on several occasions, raising as much as a cupful of blood at a time. My cough was constant, my nights sleepless, and I had such severe night-sweats that it seemed in the morning as if some one had thrown water over my bed. I was so low that I was not expected to live more than a few days, and it was once reported in the neighborhood that I was dead. When so sick my father was persuaded by a druggist of this place to give me your medicines. Although he could not believe that they or anything else would cure me, he, as a last resort, concluded to buy a bottle each of the PULMONIC SYRUP and SEAWEED TONIC. I used these up according to the directions, and we thought there was a slight improvement in my worst symptoms; so we concluded to continue their use. I used a bottle of the SYRUP every four days until I used three bottles; then my appetite began to come back and I felt a little stronger. Soon after this my cough left me, I and had no more hemorrhages, and my night-sweats stopped. I am now well, I and write you this to show what a wonderful cure your medicines have made in my case. Any one is welcome to call on or write to me, if they doubt the genuineness of this letter, and I can refer to hundreds who know me in this place and who knew of my severe illness.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM JOHNSON,
34 Wood street.

Hopkinton, Mass., June 9, 1881.

I am the mother of Mr. WM. JOHNSON, who writes the above letter to DR. SCHENCK. I nursed him through his sickness, and I wish to say that all he has written is true. In fact, he could not write it worse than what it was. He was in the last stages of Consumption, having all the symptoms—foot swelling, cough, hemorrhages and night-sweats.

MRS. OLIVER JOHNSON.

Mr. J. McGonigle, of the Empire House, Akron, Ohio, Writes, February 14, 1881.

My mother was saved from a Consumptive's grave by the use of DR. SCHENCK'S medicines, and I advise all who are afflicted with lung disease to use them.

Mr. A. B. Griffin, of Ravenna, Ohio, says:

Some years ago I was cured of Bleeding of the Lungs, by DR. SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP. I have since used it in my family and recommended it to others with good results.

Ex-Lieut. Governor Benjamin Douglas, of Connecticut, says:

I have used DR. SCHENCK'S medicines in my family for many years, and therefore know them to be good. I know those who have been cured of very serious lung diseases by their use.

Middletown, Conn., November 6, 1882.

Rev. Joseph S. Lane, Pastor of the Eighteenth St. M. E. Church, Phila., writes:

Five years ago I was a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, Bronchial Affection and Pulmonary trouble. I tried many remedies without being benefited, and was so sick that I thought many times I should be compelled to give up preaching. At last I procured DR. SCHENCK'S remedies, and in a short time they restored me to perfect health, and I have remained well to this day. I believe them to have great curative properties.

September 1, 1881.

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

Do not produce sickness at the stomach, nausea or griping. On the contrary, they are so mild and agreeable in their action that a person suffering with sick headache, sour stomach or pain in the bowels is speedily relieved of these distressing symptoms. They act directly on the liver, the organ which, when in a healthy condition, purifies the blood for the whole body.

They are a perfect preparation of that great and well-known remedy, Mandrake or Podophyllin, a remedy that has displaced the use of mercury, as well as many other poisonous drugs, in the practice of every intelligent physician.

Professor John King, of the College of Medicine of Cincinnati says: "In Constipation it acts upon the bowels without disposing them to subsequent costiveness. In Chronic Liver Complaint there is not its equal in the whole range of medicines, being vastly more useful than mercurial agents, arousing the liver to healthy action increasing the flow of bile and keeping up these actions longer than any other agent with which we are acquainted." (See American Dispensary, page 720.)

In all cases of Liver Complaint or Dyspepsia, when there is great weakness or debility, **Dr. Schenck's Seaweed Tonic** should be used in connection with these Pills.

Dr. Schenck's Medicines:

MANDRAKE PILLS,
SEAWEED TONIC,
and **PULMONIC SYRUP,**

Are sold by all Druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package. Address, Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

As tournures increase, hip paniers decrease. All fulness is pushed to the back, leaving the rest of the figure as slim as possible.

Graceful draperies cover the fronts of the skirt once more, and are much prettier than the curtain paniers that have been worn for the last two years.

The arrangement of these draperies depends entirely on individual taste, and should be selected so as to improve the figure and make it look slim and *elancee*, as the French say.

With a plain skirt, edged round with a ruching, for instance, the prettiest style of drapery is an immensely long and full second skirt, which may be plain, or edged round with a fringe, or bands of ribbon.

This over-skirt is then drawn up on each side of the back, and formed into a puff at the top, and the remainder of the length falling over the underskirt to the top of the ruching.

Another drapery takes the shape of a three-cornered shawl, with the centre point in front or on one side.

The latter is prettiest. The shawl is plaited in tube-plaits in this instance. The side-ends meet on the opposite side, where they are fastened together with long loops of ribbon, which cover the whole of the underskirt.

The underskirt, however, must be elaborately trimmed with this drapery, for the drapery itself is flat, and leaves the back quite uncovered, which is contrary to the present rules of fashion, which demand large puffings at the back.

This shawl drapery looks very well in fancy woolen materials, worn over a velvet skirt, and a Turkish or Indian shawl pattern is remarkably suitable for this style of drapery.

The plain scarf-drapery is also worn both over and under the basques of the body or jacket, which may thus take a pointed or square appearance, according to the way the drapery is placed.

Apropos, if you should have a cuirasse jacket on your hands, you can make it fashionable by curving it upon the hips, and pointing it back and front, and then sew a scarf or tunic to it.

Or you may edge it round with a ball fringe, or a frill of lace, or even a fringe of ribbon loops, also very fashionable.

If you prefer the cuirasse shape, you must slit it up at the back, to make room for the tournure, now become indispensable: or you may cut it all round in long tabs, which will also give it width round the hips.

It is, indeed, quite impossible to wear a tight jacket over a tournure, and thus all jackets are cut out in tabs, or open at the back, or are partly loose to the figure.

I have already seen some very pretty models of loose jackets; they are but very little longer than the hips, and have long pagoda sleeves.

I saw two sisters a day or so ago both dressed alike in green velvet, with a loose jacket of this description, to match the dress, and they were much admired.

Loose jackets of colored silk, covered with Spanish lace, and with a Spanish lace hood at the back, are very pretty for sortie-de-bal, or carriage wear.

They may also be made in figured silk for the same purpose. For a general walking dress I can recommend the new small checks in Scotch tweeds.

Kilted skirts are still worn for these "trotting" dresses, as the French call them, and a scarf drapery with puff at the back; over this a jacket, opened on to a waistcoat, which latter is handsomely braided, as also are the collar and cuff.

Gold braid is allowed. You may edge the waistcoat, collar, and cuffs with gold braid, instead of braiding them in a pattern. This is easier, and, perhaps, more *comme-il-faut*.

Instead of the scarf, you may wear a tunic—if you will. A pretty style of tunic is one buttoned almost to the bottom, and with the two corners turned back.

The corners will then be braided, to match the waistcoat. In washing materials checks are mostly small, and when at all large are much broken by groups of fine lines.

The stripes are wider, many of them being in fine lines, or lines of contrasting color with small flowers between; others are medium width, alternately white and color.

These will be trimmed with kiltings, the white stripe being folded inside and showing only with the movements of the folds.

The flowered sateens are by far the most attractive, and elegantly made and trimmed will be fashionably worn on a variety of dressy occasions.

The designs vary from small running patterns to larger grounds of flowers, in the style of the brocades of the day.

Dresses of these materials are made in combination, precisely as those of richer fabrics.

Tunique polonaises of pattern, overskirts of plain sateens, or flounced skirts of plain, with draperies or tunics of the pattern, and the bodices of plain, the tabbed basques being much used for the purpose.

The flounced sateens will be made up with kiltings and flounced skirts of plain sateen or surah, and much trimmed with lace.

Flat bows of ribbon will also be greatly in demand as ornaments. A few sateens have velvet or satin collar, revers, cuffs, &c., trimmed with lace.

As these are all removable, they make an agreeable change. Lace is to be lavishly used on *habilees* dresses for indoor and carriage wear.

One of the most effective and novel ways of arranging broad flounces of lace is as follows:

Three wide laces are placed in a scallop, covering the tablier. The lowest one reaches to a few inches from the hem, and the head of the top one is hidden by the basque or the drapery round the hips, at the sides.

Where the lace rises it is very slightly frilled, but in the centre it is quite full, and hangs in folds.

A very elegant effect is given by loops of ribbon hidden in the folds, and also hanging from under each flounce.

This may be worn for day and evening wear, and for the latter may be replaced by flowers.

One of the most elegant dresses made this season is of dead-leaf satin, with the skirts made as just described.

The coat is of bronze velvet *broche* on a dead-leaf satin ground, with a *jabot* of lace The front is a pointed basque.

It is fastened at the throat, whence it has a *fraise* of lace; then left open nearly to the waist, the frill of lace hanging in the opening, which is just wide enough for it to pass through.

The back is lengthened to a square "coat-tail," with double pleats turned under, and the whole is lined with *feuille morte* satin. Many of the plain and the figured velvet redingotes so fashionably worn are made in a similar fashion, the front short and the back long, or *au contraire*, with a long front and a basque back.

Nothing is so fashionable for a *toilette habillee*, such as a visiting dress, as velvet. The skirts of this material are no longer draped or *coulisse*, and the ruche so much worn on other plain skirts is too heavy for velvet.

The *garniture* most liked is a double *bouillonne*, with a two or three inch fluting below, and a narrower one heading the top puffing.

This ornament is cut all in one, on the cross, the frills being of course of double velvet.

A straight scarf of velvet makes an elegant addition to this skirt; if raised by several pleats in the centre it forms a point at each side.

The backs of these velvet skirts are in six or seven box pleats, fastened with tapes underneath to form a *pouf*, and hanging in full loose folds from the bend of the knee.

Satin and velvet are much used in combination, either plain colors, or shot; for the latter the beautiful blending of shades known as drake's neck is *facile princeps*. I must not forget to mention that one of the most fashionable *facons* of the day is also one of the least expensive, as it consist simply of tucks of the material.

These stitched or run tucks were first introduced for the tailor-made costumes, but now many dressmakers are employing them, flounces and tunics folded in five or seven straight tucks being much liked.

Capes reaching below the waist at the back curved from the elbow to the throat gradually, to give play to the arms, and prevent rising on the shoulder, are much worn, bordered with feathered trimming, and fastened by large loops of satin ribbon.

A string attached to the back of the cape fastens round the waist inside, and keeps it in place.

Fireside Chat.

PRACTICAL COOKERY.

At her school of cookery in New York lately, Miss Parloa began the morning lesson by cutting the tenderloin from a sirloin roast, or what is commonly called a porterhouse roast.

The piece weighed about fourteen pounds. When the tenderloin had been removed the flank also was cut off.

It was stated that the fillet—the tenderloin—costs one dollar a pound, and that if a fillet be wanted it is advisable to buy a large roasting piece and obtain the fillet in that way.

The flank may be stuffed and rolled or is good for stewing or braising; the roast serving for a meal some other day.

With these introductory remarks Miss Parloa, using a sharp knife, removed every shred of muscle ligament, and thin tough skin from the fillet, which she then skewered into good shape.

With the knife she drew a line through the centre of the piece, and she began larding, having two rows of pork, inserted in the two sides of the fillet, meet at the line she had drawn.

For the operation a larding needle was, of course, used. The strips of pork were about three inches long and as large round as a lead pencil; they had been kept some time in a bowl of ice to harden.

The fillet was well dredged with pepper, salt and flour, and put, without water, in a very small pan. For half an hour it was kept in a hot oven.

It was stated that on account of the shape of fillets half an hour cooks one weighing either two or six pounds.

Hollandaise or tomato sauce, or potato balls, might properly have been served with the fillet, but Miss Parloa chose white mushroom sauce instead, using in its preparation a can of French mushrooms, a cupful of white stock, a cupful of cream, three heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, four of butter, salt and pepper to taste.

When the butter had been melted the flour was added, the mixture being cooked until smooth, but not brown.

Gradually the stock was added, and when it boiled up, the liquor from the mushrooms was put in; followed after five minutes' cooking by the mushrooms, cream and salt and pepper.

The sauce was allowed to boil up once and was then poured around the fillet. Rolled flank of beef was next on the programme. The flank weighed about five pounds. It was carefully wiped with a damp cloth and dredged with salt and pepper.

When it lay upon the table one part was seen to be thicker than the other, and some of the meat was cut from the thick portion and laid upon the thin.

A dressing was made of a cupful of cracker crumbs, a teaspoonful of summer savory, a tablespoonful of butter, quantities of salt and pepper, and cold water enough to make the cracker quite moist.

The meat, having been spread with this dressing, was rolled up, tied and pinned in a cloth.

It was placed in a stewpan and just covered with boiling water; and when this water had again reached the boiling point the pan was set back where the water would only bubble.

There the meat stood until near the close of the lesson. It was finally allowed to cool in the water in which it was boiled. When nearly cold it was taken up and the cloth was removed, but not the strings. When wholly cold the flank was cut into tender round slices.

It was stated that the water could be used as a foundation for a vegetable, rice or tomato soup, or, thickened with flour, could be used as a gravy.

A cupful of water, a cupful of granulated sugar and the juice of a lemon was boiled together for half an hour.

Miss Parloa dipped the point of a skewer into the syrup and then into water, and finding that the thread thus formed broke off brittle, announced that the syrup was ready for use on fruit.

She pared some oranges, divided them into eighths, and wiped the parts free of moisture.

Part of the syrup was poured into a small cup, which was set in a basin of boiling water.

The pieces of orange were taken up seperately on the point of a skewer and dipped into the syrup, and were afterward placed on a dish that had been buttered lightly. This gave *fruit glace*.

Grapes and nuts were prepared the same way. Special pains were taken to avoid stirring the syrup, for stirring would have spoiled it.

Before making caramel ice cream Miss Parloa said that the foundation she was about to prepare was suitable for all kinds of ice cream.

Having heated a generous pint of milk to the boiling point, she stirred into it a cupful of sugar, a scant half cupful of flour and two eggs, all beaten together; and the mixture was allowed to cook twenty minutes longer, receiving a frequent stirring.

A small cupful of sugar was next put in a small frying-pan and stirred over the fire until it turned liquid and began to smoke. It was then turned into the boiling mixture or foundation, which was at once put away to cool.

When it became cool a quart of cream was added. Miss Parloa said the flavor of the ice cream could be varied by browning the sugar more or less.

The mixture was strained into a freezer and directions for packing were given. The ice was broken into pieces about as big as a pint bowl and then put into a canvas bag and pounded with a mallet until the pieces were as small as a hen's egg, or somewhat smaller.

After the can containing the cream had been properly adjusted in the freezer, a layer of ice five inches deep was packed around it.

A liberal sprinkling of rock salt on the ice was the next act. Alternate layers of ice and salt were continued until the tub was full: the packing being pounded with a paddle.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Correspondence.

INQUIRER.—No reduction in rates on account of not taking premium. See page 8.

PAULINE B., (Newport, N. J.)—1. You have made a grievious mistake, and should apologize to your friend. 2. Your writing is fair, but can be greatly improved.

SUSAN, (Decatur, Iowa.)—You should remember that dropsy is not so much a disease in itself as a symptom of several diseases, and that although many remedies give relief, in the majority of cases no remedy can effect a cure.

BOWDEN, (Pottstown, Pa.)—Mathematics is the key to astronomy, including what is called the rising and setting of the moon. Unless you are a good mathematician you will never have anything but the vaguest notions of the celestial system.

S. L. R., (Bowling Green, Ky.)—We know not how to advise you in the case you name: for if the young lady's family object, it is for you to use your own discretion whether you will persevere in your addresses, in the hope that they may relent, or whether you will adopt the more dignified course of absenting yourself altogether from the house.

ROBT., (Monticello, N. Y.)—When a young lady with whom you have previously been on intimate terms meets you in the street, and passes you with a cold, ceremonious bow, you have either offended her unconsciously or she wishes to drop the acquaintance. In either case you should politely request an explanation, when you must be guarded by circumstances.

JOHN, (Camden, N. J.)—America was not the first to use the eagle as a military emblem. The Romans used it on the banners of the legions. The French, under the empire, adopted it from the Romans. The double eagle of Austria is the union of the eagles of the Eastern and Western Empire, as the Emperors of Austria consider themselves the head of the Holy Roman Empire.

SUBSCRIBER, (Phila., Pa.)—We would not care to recommend any course of food with the object of either increasing or lessening a person's fleshiness. The conditions may change with every individual, and therefore a general rule is out of the question. It is said, however, that such articles as possess sweetness or oiliness will cause fat, and consequently their avoidance brings the opposite result.

CHAS., (Voorhies, Ill.)—As your letter simply states that you have made up your mind to go upon the stage, and does not ask for any advice, we will not venture to offer any to you. Let us, however, ask three questions. First: How do you propose to get on the stage? Second: What position can you reasonably expect to make for yourself there? Third: Is any position you are likely to make worth the quarreling with your friends, who have your real good at heart?

A. S. K., (Fenville, Ga.)—Yes, the relationship between father and son is one of high interest and moment. It needs development rather than "adjustment." A wise son is anxious to be instructed by his father. There may be fault on both sides, but the son is mostly to blame. It is a common and bad fruit of the education of the period to make youths precocious and upstart, intolerant of control, and self-reliant beyond reason. This is a great evil; but what can we say or do to change the current of the age.

EMIGRE, (Wilson, Tex.)—Diamonds are found in South America in the province of Minas Geraes, in Brazil. In Africa the diamond fields are in what was formerly the Orange Free State, now a part of Cape Colony. The precious pebbles are obtained by washing the gravel, which is now done, at least in the African fields, on a very large scale, in much the same way that hydraulic mining for gold is carried on in California. The climate of both the Brazil and South African diamond fields is semi-tropical. Most of the capital for the South African diamond mines has been furnished from England.

F. S. L., (Princeton, Ind.)—Yes; but you will need someone to dictate to you for practice. 2. Graham's system. 3. Two hours per day, steady practice, should enable anyone to write fairly, from slow dictation, in a year. Only those especially adapted to the art can learn to report rapid public speaking at all, and to do this requires years of practice. 4. There is a good demand for expert stenographers, and even the skill which anyone can gain by steady application is very useful to a private secretary, or confidential clerk of a lawyer in large practice, or of any business man who has an extensive correspondence.

A. D. G., (Phila., Pa.)—You have equal rights in the matter, but such questions are not determined by rights. They are settled by custom, and courtesy, and gallantry. If the young lady does not wish you to address her by her first name in company or in public, you should not do so. Should you dislike to have her address you by your first name, and let her know it, the chances are that she would never so address you again, unless you should become her accepted lover. A time usually arrives when young people who have been intimate in childhood cease to address one another by their given names, and adopt the formality and usage of society as to such matters.

F. H. O., (Sexton, Ind.)—Inasmuch as you consider your affection "pure, unselfish, born of Heaven, and enduring beyond the grave," we could not venture to give you any advice but to follow its dictates, and marry this perfect and angelic being, in spite of her thinness and consumptive tendencies. We only notice one possible objection—how do you know that such a treasure will accept you? If, however, you can get this question settled satisfactorily, marry the young lady by all means, get for her the best medical advice, and treat her liberally with cod-liver oil, cream and butter, until she is as plump as a partridge, and as healthy as a dairy-maid.

WALTER D., (Pushtigo, Wis.)—Lima is the capital city of Peru. It is about six miles from its port, Callao, on the Pacific. Of Spanish origin, it is considered the most handsome city in South America. It has a university, a national museum, a public library, excellent schools, numerous hospitals, asylums, public baths, a handsome cathedral, and—other peoples, other ways!—a cock-pit and a bull-ring. The products of the city and the neighborhood are provisions and live-stock, gold lace, and glass. The exports consist of silver, copper, ore, bark, chinchilla skins, nitre, sugar, &c. As to the manners and customs of the people, they are simply those of all Spanish American townsfolk.